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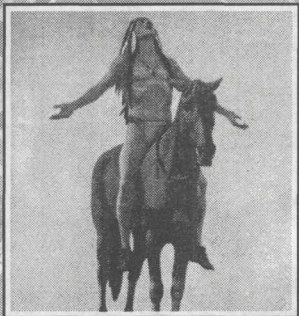
FEBRUARY

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
10 YEAR



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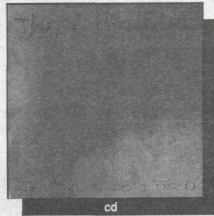
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DISCORDER

FEBRUARY 1993 · ISSUE #121

"Nobody reads this fuckin' thing anyway, so why do I bother with these quotes?" — our underworked editor.

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OFFICE USE ONLY

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COVER

Just one of the fine examples of our art director's talents, Mark "Atomos" Pilon can also cut hedges to look like poodles, reproduce quicker than a rabbit, and bend balloons into the shape of sharks. Check out these fine feats and some of his extraordinary artwork during his exhibition gala running through February and into March at The Underground.

Discorder is copyright © 1993 by The Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. All rights reserved. Discorder is "that magazine from CTR 101.9 FM" and is printed monthly in Canada on paper manufactured in Canada. Discorder prints what it wants to, including the CTR On The Dial program guide and the CTR Spinlist playlist charts. Circulation is 20,000 copies distributed free to over 200 locations. 12-month subscriptions are \$15 in Canada, \$15 (US) to the states, and \$24 elsewhere. Please make cheques or monorders payable to Discorder Magazine.

Deadlines for ads and submissions are usually the 15th of the month but most of our writers and columnists couldn't tell you that. Basically, what I'm saying is GET YOUR FUCKIN' SHIT IN OR I WILL NOT ACCEPT IT!

"This child is a child of null" - figure it out and you'll probably be one of the first to know that this band is coming to town very soon.

CTR 101.9 FM is 1600 watts of neurotic bites from UBC to Langley, Squamish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland except Shaw in White Rock.

Discorder is 32 pages of punk rawk readability put together by an overworked and underpaid staff of elitist snots who think they know everything and anything about everything you don't, and have the right to tell you about it. We'll also tell you the meaning of "alternative" which we have benevolently sealed in an empty Skippy® Peanutbutter jar...for a tid sum and your firstborn.

Office hours for CTR, Mobile Sound, and Discorder are Monday-Friday, 10-6. Call CTR 24 line @ (604) 922-CTR, our offices @ 922-3017, our news + sports @ 222-2487, fax us c/o CTR @ (604) 922-9366, or write: Discorder, #233-6338, 508 Boulevard, Vancouver, BC, CANADA V6T 1Z1.

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In Feb. of 1983 I was a grade ten virgin with no direction in life and one month away from a driver's license—and what would later prove to be quite an undesirable driving record. But that's another story. Now, I'm 25 years old self-made hundreidraire, the proud father of a beautiful son and the editor of the magazine you hold bewitst your thumbs. Ten years ago I didn't even know what a Discorder was...hell, 3 years ago I could barely pass my college Lit. class. But as we all evolve mentally, physically, emotionally, financially and intellectually, so does *Discorder*.

For a magazine run by a staff of volunteers, ten years, in anyone's books, is a long existence. Throughout that existence *Discorder* has made its mandate to not only emphasize music in its independent, local and creative form but to change; change in format, size, style, technology and personnel. What was once a one-piece foldout fanzine typified at the *Westender* and then cut-and-pasted in the *Discorder* offices is now a renowned Northwest magazine completely laid out on our own Macintosh™.

More so than most magazines, change is an essential characteristic—if not the lifeblood—of *Discorder*. This change manifests itself most importantly in two areas: the music and the

people. The heart of *Discorder's* content is new music; writing about music and the musicians still at their most creative, or trying to create something unique to themselves. Without these musicians and their music *Discorder* (and *CITR*) would cease to exist...there would be no reason for its existence.

Essentially, *Discorder* is a reflection of the multitude of people who have worked on, advertised in, been interviewed in, been reviewed in, wrote to, and read the magazine. Each issue is only as good as the efforts of its contributors, and although new contributors are always emerging they never seem to be in large enough numbers nor quickly enough. The problems and barriers the magazine finds itself running into are not exclusive to the current staff, but were more definitely shared by the staff who got that magazine from *CITR* radio and will be shared by future staff members to come. And while people burnout, grow weary, or are forced into exile, they are replaced.

As *Discorder's* first editor was replaced to to will I, and therefore the need for nostalgic reminiscence is meaningless. That is why this issue isn't a glossy commemorative of the past ten

years; *Discorder* is concerned with the present and the very near future. But as to toast to our forefathers we've embraced the primitive techniques used by them for this 10th Anniversary issue of *The Mighty D.O. NO COMPUTERS!* blablablah...

Paul T. Brooks
Editor

Kevin Smith
Publisher (for the inspiration and some of these words)

A NICE HOT LUNCH

Dear Phyllis Poen,
Thanks for the poem, although it did nothing for me. I think we need to create a new kind of feminism, one that stresses personal responsibility and is open to art and sex in all their discord-unconquering mystery. Sorry I can't deliver my real name.

Signed,
Kitty Casserole

Dear Airhead:

It was fun to read videophilist Tania Bolskaya scribe some good old *Discorder* hypocrisy by putting down David Lynch's films by a mock fan statement then telling us to "keep an open mind" in her last paragraph. There is a difference between off-the-cuff jabbering and a stated opinion. Learn about it sometime Tania. Sincerely,

Hugh G. Rection

Dear Airhead,

In January's issue some guy named Sean O'Leary wrote you a letter. I think his point was the Nappy Dugout has a rule name. Then again, wasn't he saying Sparkmaster is "the only great band in Vancouver right now?" No, wait a minute, I think he was willing to slag their guitarist. I think our pal Sean had gotten some interesting info on the hidden meaning of "Nappy" but once he finished ranting about Shaky, I got confused. I don't know about all of you out there but I'm just glad Sean doesn't consider himself a fan of my band. With fans like him, who needs gig reviewers to criticize you? I don't want to sign my name to this cause I'm scared of the guy knowing who I am and where I live. And I hope if Sean's band ever gets an opportunity to play at the Nappy Dugout,

Shaky, as misplaced as his brain may be, will remember the obvious respect Sean has for him and his fellow musicians.

C.U. Later

TV DINNERS

Dear Airhead,
More and more space in *Airhead* seems to be devoted to righteous "alternative" folk denouncing "posers" and the recent popularity of the punk scene. This is a narrow minded, even prejudiced, attitude that relies on the premise that anyone who has been into the scene for longer than the next is somehow superior.

These self-proclaimed gods of (the) alternative feel justified in judging and denouncing others based mainly on their (the others) appearance (can we be any shallower?) or the length of time one has spent wallowing in the alternative scene; time served does not necessarily equate with genuine application.

Just how alternative is alternative? An alternative hierarchy has sprung up, complete with superficial measures (Docs) to determine one's alternative-ness. Punk #1 was digging Echo & the Bunnymen when he/she was 12, and punk #2 was digging Suicidal Tendencies at the same age, who is the bigger hardcore? It has all become a distorted and absurd contest with very little to do with actually enjoyin' (the) music/lifestyle.

The point I wish to make by dumping on the pretensions of seasoned punks is: if the music is good, it is destined to succeed commercially, considering themselves the only worthy audience is concited. It is true that many of the new converts to the "alternative scene" are only blindly following a trend, as they followed the last one (New Kids on the Block) and will follow the next one (Rave?), but there may be one among them with the seal of a true hardcore. If people would concentrate more on the music at gigs, rather than needlessly criticizing those around them it could make the scene more enjoyable for everyone, and, perhaps, lend some credibility to the complaints of the hardcores.

Sandi Moore
Abiko City, Japan

Dear Airhead,
I'm just writing to let you and everyone else know that I'm the coolest, most alternative, person in the world, but, to keep you from copying me, I'm not going to tell you why.

Chris
White Rock

CHEQUE, PLEASE

Dear greatest scum,
My guinea pig died last night. How come people have no respect for smaller animals. We always think bigger is better, whether it be animals or penises. That's probably why we do such horrible things to all animals, we think because we are bigger we're above them. Well I loved my guinea pig more than I loved any human being! Every day of the past four years he was there for me. However bad things were going I could depend on him to make me feel better. He was like a squishy giant, furry soother. Sure I have lots of human friends, but they have lives of their own, he was just happy living for me. I'll always remember the way he used to squeak when I brought him carrots and how his warm body felt when he sat on me. I'll miss you Gueepy! Thank you for listening to me.

Love,
Wozzie
Burnaby, BC

Dear Airhead,

I live in hell Port Alberni, Punk Population 3, and was wondering if you could print this letter with my address out here in the land of salmon. In this hole in the wall being a punk is a lonely life and you begin to wonder if the whole "scene" really exists with the only sources of anything alternative being *Discorder*, Coast 1040, and *Citylimits*. We get to the cities who know what mesh means about once a month and if we're really lucky, the so-called evil city of Victoria during holidays, so if anyone feels like writing to let me know I'm not just living a hallucination and feel like having a couple of extra people to go partying with, I'm at:

Crystal Hanson
2249 Cameron Drive
Port Alberni, B.C.
V9Y 1A8

Life with Family ☺ Emedye

After you left I took this road because you took it because you wanted something other and another and another and I, who wanted to stand still, began to walk in your steps to see what you saw and why you needed to see it. So far I have had many another but I have seen nothing. I hold our dead love tight against my face, the velvet against my lips is yours, the thick luxurious scent envelopes, I see nothing but down into the deep petals press against my face, below the thorny thick stem tears my hands, scrapes down my stomach a faceless figure knees and grips, assuming I see a face, I see nothing but red petals, I feel your velvet on my lips while a faceless stranger touches me too soon entering a vacant building...strange new body is only strange until you know it. Thrill passes into knowledge into repetition, polished with practice, dead as stone. Our old dead love is more alive than this transferred show of desire, this favour for a faceless stranger. Somewhere you are doing this, but light shines for you from their faces and green life floods your veins at their touch. You see what you want to see, that is your reward for going first and dropping our dead flowers at your first step. In my narrow lane I the other finishes his work as I risk a chance of seeing him through my dead leaves but, no, it's one of these dreams where you try and strain to see through your lids and cannot. I think it's all right because it seems I am not naked, there are cold damp swathes of linen wrapped tight 'round wrists and ankles, pushed against my sides, drawn up tight and fixed with a rosemary chest. I tip my face down and inhale what was, because I am not you.

Desire Enndye



brought to you by the creator of surreal and gagged (Caliber Press / Iconografix), MICHAEL AUSHENKER

10th Anniversary Pg 5me

I Am An Egg

Many acting schools and theatre auditions demand that you convey the emotions of a rock, or the complex hypertenions in a hard-boiled egg. I have no desire to communicate either. Maybe that's why

I WATCH TV.

On TV there's no need to know how pieces of lint gyrate on meeting with the Bounce sheet in the dryer. No way. I guess that's why I'm an actor and not an egg. I guess that's why I'm an

SSSSSEXTRASSSS

Watch our lips closely in the bar scenes when you catch a glimpse of us through the lead actor's inner thigh. WE DON'T REALLY SPEAK TO EACH OTHER.

We have to be SILENT. If you get an ice cube in your mouth from your drink DO NOT CRUNCH IT. Swallow it whole, or you single yourself out for a lightning bolt from the feathery director. When the cameras start it's either "mdgagsglugdug" at the date sitting across from you, or you look the little girl and her budding breasts straight in the eye and say something far more exciting like:

"DO YOU REALLY HAVE A MIND-ALTERINGLY LARGE CLITORIS???"

Definitely more exciting.

Note #1: in its Italian publications, this article is entitled "Tips for the Fly-by-the-seat-of-his-pants Extra."

Your 13 year old date, who doesn't know what she's doing there except that she's got an agent and an angel face that people seem to want to put on magazine covers (there's always a market for virgins) and they're sending her to Japan on Thursday to get paid heaps of cash, be introduced to heroin and torn in two by a husky Swedish footballer, is going. "What? What?" SILENTLY. That's the catch, SILENCE. Because she's afraid the BIG BAD director might hear her voice and crack his BIG BAD cane over her wee knuckles. Sexual frustration abounds. Don't worry. She'll keep quiet. No one is going to slap you.

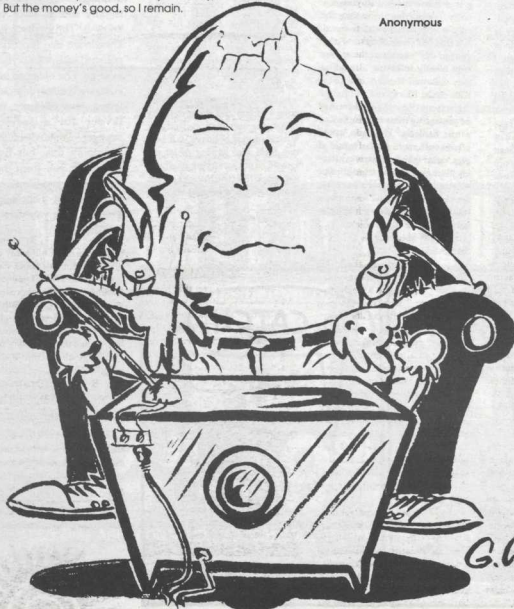
My dream is that one day soon we'll unite. Before a scene, we'll all get together in a colourful mass, scarf the doughnuts and decide on some funky moves. Whenever the inevitable token ethnic says a certain word we'll drink our Coke, or rub our noses, or squirt our eyes and show some teeth. You'll get a Sunday evening treat when your parents sit around and make you watch this trash. They'll start to put warning labels at the beginning of the show about acid and paranoia.

DON'T THINK THEY'RE LOOKING AT YOU. JUST ENJOY THE SHOW. DON'T BE ALARMED.

There are so many bright, beautiful trailers, so much free food, and so many popular people that you could get about anything you wanted if you orchestrated it properly. Hostages, etc. There are so many opportunities for a wonderful day. So many things could be done. There's usually only one security guard around (front gate. One at the back too but he's harmless. Come round the side past the Toys R Us. Wear baggy clothing: W. Georgia Post Office, Deposit Box 319. Expect contact by third day).

But the money's good, so I remain.

Anonymous



DISORDER



Midnight Snack

Waking in an empty bed
as the clock strikes three
I wonder why Tina's changing in the kitchen
What could it be
The smell creeps into the dark bedroom
Snaps and pops are heard above the stove
A cupboard closes with a boom
Here she comes slowly, my life long companion
Maybe a romantic surprise
of hot spicy fries
Her one slipper shuffles so carefully
as her steamy shadow looms
Oh what treat welcomes me
She whispers it's something good
as the hot pan tips
I let out a scalding shriek a boiling oil
part my hair down the middle
and makes my face sizzle
My skin leaves with her love
But now we will never truly be apart
for the sign that I once loved her so
will follow me wherever I go
Ethan Whitmeyer

Maria

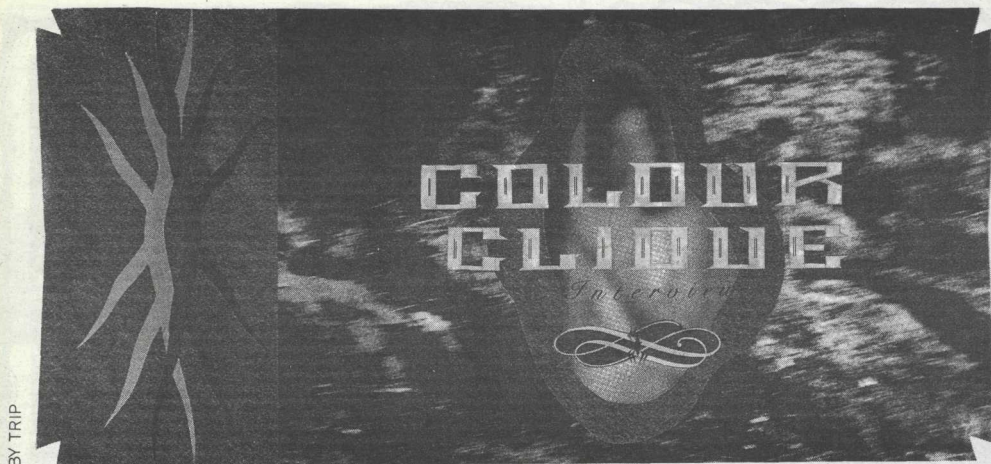
Maria fucks a donkey, onstage.
For American money.
Maria, fourteen, Tijuana.
It is mostly Americans
Who crowd the gutted bar.
Their wives will not fuck donkeys,
Or let them watch.
It is worth the money alright.
These women here will do anything.

A juror says,
"Rodney King was controlling the situation"
Maria, fourteen, Tijuana.
c. Isabella Legosi Mori 5.06.92

Dying Eyes

This morning I awake to see
The eyes of a dying man
It's not the first time seeing
These eyes
But the most
Profound empty cold grey dying eyes
But the eyes dying of
A simple loneliness
Eyes dying of a past that cannot be changed
Lost loves
Eyes dying of self pity and reality
Tired of looking at these eyes
I turn from the mirror
And take to the street in hope
Hide
That the early morning fog will
These dying eyes
Grant Day





"Clint Eastwood is welcome in my house anytime!" intones vocalist/guitarist Lance Leeder, one of the two members of Vancouver's Colour Clipse. When asked what person would be most likely to be invited to dinner if reality be damned, Lance Leeder picks Clint Eastwood. Max Amason, Colour Clipse's keyboardist/percussionist/drummer/vocalist, ignores the question of the weak-lane-brained idea it was. (And it wasn't mine, it came from the N.Y. bestseller, *Book of A Hundred Questions*.)

Colour Clipse is described as ambient/techno in feel. They have two great songs off of the KSM Records *Raincreature* compilation, a Vancouver-independent artists collection. They are the first band on the sleeve with "As We Know It" and "You Had It Coming."

"I started as a technological jam session," says Max in a faded Oxfordian English accent, "under the name Drill KKL and it just sprung into existence from there on in. We did two shows at Drill KKL and then stopped, and that was an interesting experience."

"It bombed," groans Lance, "so we tried again on a compilation disc, *Raincreature*."

"We started working before *Raincreature*, about four months prior," says Max. "*Raincreature* got us new material. We experimented with it, picked the ones we liked, and so!"

"We got another compilation that we are tentatively doing right now," explains Max. "We're pencilled in to doing Bill Leeb's (of F.L.A.) compilation. It's Bill's and Michael Balch's pet project and we'll have a couple of tracks on there. Bill is putting it together and I'll be on Third Mind Records."

Influences? In his infamous Edward K-Spel Voice (The Tear Garden) Max says, "Well, uh...our

influences are...ah, tentatively, Ministry and...uh, smatterings of MC 900 ft Jesus, and some people say we even sound like the Beastie Boys, but I don't know." His voice trails off, "Lance!"

"As Colour Clipse, we have very diverse tastes. It's techno...so Ministry? Right? Right. But me being a guitar player I'm influenced by Hendrix."

"Yes," adds Max, "he likes harder, more masculine, guitar parts. As opposed to the drums, and the keyboards, and the sort of floaty, haunting beats."

I had to compare the band to KMFDM and the Young Gods;

"Who?" says Lance.

Never mind.

There has been a debate on whether or not industrial music (or any other kind of music young people like) is a reaction to anything. "Oil it's artsy angry!" he says with sarcasm. "Nah, I think it's just what people do for fun. It depends, a lot of people have different views on industrial music for different reasons. We like to do industrial music because it's different, and what we wanna do is create a hybrid style that's a little longer lasting than generic industrial music. It's not your basic 16-note keyboard slides and 'dadadadadadad!' It's just that we wanna create something that's got more of a foundation and that's going to be guaranteed to be around for a little longer than a flash-in-the-pan."

I told them that *Omni Magazine* wrote of people who are into industrial music as being chronically depressed.

"Hahahahahaha! Terminally depressed?" says Lance.

"No, absolutely not, there's just too much fun to be enjoyed with all this," says Max. "We've got no angry messages, no actual youth, none of those stupid cli-

che! We do it for fun and we really enjoy the music, we want to eventually create something that can change with the times; something like a world market rather than one crowd. I want to appeal to everybody."

"There's a lot of messages in our songs, but it's the way you read into it," says Lance.

"We leave it open for any interpretation, by anybody," adds Max.

Apparently, those interpretations can get really side-tracked. One person went up to Lance and asked if they were a Nazi band (when they were in Drill KKL).

"Yeah, Drill KKL! Achtung! KKL doesn't stand for anything, it's just three letters! But to most people it was one letter away from the New White Power!"

"Yeah, Kilo Kilo Lance!" says L. Leeder. "That wasn't it at all. And now, of course, we're Colour Clipse which is the opposite of that! There's absolutely no racism whatsoever but people can read into it however they want as long as they enjoy it."

I mentioned that I once read an interview with William Rifkin (Ministry) in which he stated that his version of a true revolution was for everyone to turn off their T.V.'s and throw them out the window. "That pretty much covers it," says Lance. "I hate to be derivative, but that's brilliant."

I asked another question out of that handy-dandy book of questions: most enjoyable dream? (These are supposedly for psychologically evaluating people—go figure). "Ah, the most pleasurable dream? I flew. I flapped my arms. I don't know how it started but I flapped my arms and I flew myself out of a German prison camp. The feeling of being shot at and actually escaping was the most enjoyable dream I ever had."

Lance adds, "Mine was having Clint Eastwood over for dinner."

Regarding song titles, they have no problem coming up with them but they try not to be in the usual industrial rut. "Anything, we can use anything. We can twist anything into a song title, like 'Flight of Demetresus.' We try and stay away from the generic one word album titles, like 'Gun' or 'Doorknob' or 'Pinhead' or 'Bluh,'" says Max.

When asked why they think industrial music isn't as popular as grunge, Max responds, "Well, because there's a hell of a lot of it and it needs to be reworked in some ways. For instance, when writing about love, it's a perfect example of industrial music taking a turn and making itself bigger. [As industrial musicians] we can write about tanks crushing babies too."

Vancouver does not bode well for the two guys. "Vancouver is a paperweight as far as industrial music goes," says Max [echoing Bill Leeb's and Rhys Filber's attitude about this city], "and no one has any appreciation for it whatsoever. Industrial music, in order for it to be successful, must go to places like Europe or the States. There's just too much of an influx of bands coming into Vancouver all the time. There's just so much music here that people become desensitized and numb to it. Industrial music is probably one of the most ignored types of music."

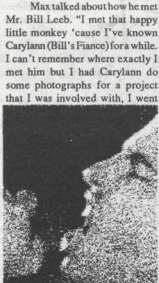
"It's getting better, though," says Lance.

"Oh, yeah, it's getting better. It's risen up faster in revolution than any other music style I've seen. Industrial music has done a complete turnaround. Most music goes out and comes back in 5 years. Industrial music has come back in a year and a half with the

help of, I dare say, Ministry."

Lance and Max got their start in music with a generic band, a rock & roll band! Max on vocals and Lance on guitar. "It was an other-interesting experience" (followed by cackles of maniacal laughter) However, they didn't feel that the music they were playing was what they wanted. They wanted to come up with something original and new without rehabilitating other people's work. "There's too much out there that's derivative, we wanted something brilliantly new. I mean, take Enigma, as soft as that is, it's such an original idea. It's brilliant. The first time I heard Enigma I nearly dropped a load in my shorts," says Max. "We wanted to cover all areas of mood, aggression and happiness. We wanted to write a song that could fit all types of moods." Colour Clipse plan to break into more of an ambient style to their already heavy, guitar/techno sound.

Max talked about how he met Mr. Bill Leeb. "I met that happy little monkey 'cause I've known Carlyann [Bill's fiancée] for a while. I can't remember where exactly I met him but I had Carlyann do some photographs for a project that I was involved with. I went



over to her place to pay her some money and I think that's the first time that I met him. He's lotsa fun. On his compilation we'll be doing

some stuff that's very KMFDM, but it's new. It's not techno music with guitar samples, it's techno and guitar exclusively. "Flight of Demetresus" is one of the songs there, it's haunting and spacy, real ambience. We want to have a mixture of ambience and techno so that anyone can sit, hunch up to a song, and listen to something hard-core or take the flip side and just veg out."

They realize that as an industrial band the biggest popularity they could ever receive would be cult status but, as Max says, "we want to branch out so we can be industrial plus. I think Front Line Assembly and Skinny Puppy opened up a lot of doors for people. I'd like to think F.L.A. and the two side projects, Intermix and Delerium, are good influences to open up on."

He adds, "You know, it's really amazing how many people are into Ministry these days, as opposed to us who knew of them in 1986 (when they were techno). They're more of a death metal outfit now and you got all your Slayer fans out there who don't know what they're about, or what they were about from the beginning."

By the way, (and this is true) Al Jourgensen has a penchant for listening to Johnny Cash and he's a DJ at a country and western pub somewhere in the Midwest. I honestly didn't get the impression that Al Jourgensen would have been a top pick for dinner guests of their dreams, but to industrial musicians it still makes more sense than Clint Eastwood. Why him? Says Lance, "He samples good."





THE BOO RADLEYS

What do you do when your record label doesn't like your music? Play it for someone else. That's what The Boo Radleys did. This band from Liverpool, England formed four years ago around a nucleus of long-time chums. They were in town a while back and gave us a call. An interview was conducted, and a bottle of whiskey was consumed.

Their first release was a mini-album on Preston's Action Records label which earned them the title of "Britain's Dinosaur Jr." — a moniker further encouraged by J. Mascis' acknowledgment of them as his favourite British band, followed by an invitation for them to open up for Dinosaur in Europe. Rough Trade was to release a few singles and an album, but as far as the band was concerned their relationship with this label was less than ideal.

"We were always six months behind where we wanted to be. Singles couldn't be released because they couldn't afford to do it, so we'd have to leave it for awhile. We couldn't tour because we didn't have anything to promote."

Why put up with this treatment? Why allow some record label to hinder progress? Read on Grass-hopper, read on...

"It was getting pretty frustrating until finally we recorded an album. We sent them the tapes and they said they couldn't afford to market it. I don't think they liked it. We never felt that Rough Trade were behind us with our EPs."

The tapes of this unreleased album made their way to Creation. They liked what they heard and signed The Boos to a big juicy contract. The album has been released as *Everything's Alright Forever*, which could be a reflection of the band's attitude towards their current label (twenty-three year old Martin Carr, between swigs of whiskey and glances at his souvenir Richard Nixon Museum pamphlet, was more than willing to disclose that at the age of sixteen he was buying everything that Creation was putting out). Now that the band has settled into more stable recording arrangements, they appear ready to milk this to its full extent. A four song EP *Lazarus*, has already been released, a follow-up album is scheduled for the spring, and confidence abounds:

"The new album has already been written and it's a lot better than *Everything's Alright*. We've been listening to The Beach Boys, John Coltrane, and Love."

Listening to the new EP these influences are obvious. At times a little too obvious. But that's the nature of good pop music and The Boos make no attempt to hide their use of past popsters. Wearing Love t-shirts on stage, and playing *Pet Sounds* before their shows, they go out of their way to highlight influences. Studio musicians are, of course, hand-picked:

"In the studio we've been working with the guy who used to play trumpet for Wham! None of

us had heard him play but when we found out he worked with Wham!, we had to have him."

Playing with an ex-Whamster? Whatever happened to image? Style? Integrity? Admitting to this sort of collaboration could have serious effects! People will be scrambling to trade in all their Boo Radleys stuff! A counter-cultural backlash a la Milli Vanilli circa 1990! Disclosing this type of highly classified information could be the reason for the surprisingly little press they receive, although this doesn't appear to bother them.

"We're glad about the amount of publicity that we get because

most of the stuff that gets put in the press is excess information, stuff that you don't need to know. Obviously when we do something we want the press for it, but if you get too much you're heading for a fall at some point."

But what about the tour? North American crowds? Bands?

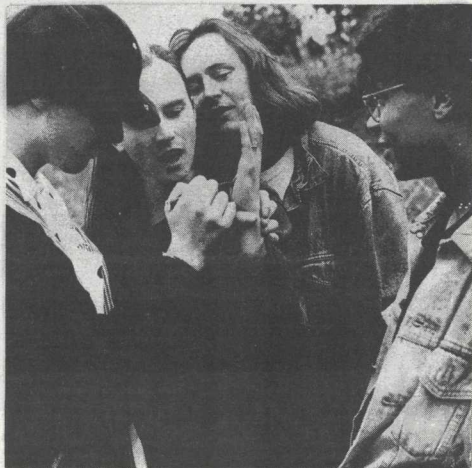
"English crowds are content to get really drunk, beat each other up, throw themselves on the stage, and jump on your pedals. But over here people like to stand and watch. I'm sure you get more out of the performance that way. I don't care either way as long as we get some sort of response at the end. As far

as bands go, Mercury Rev are friends of ours and I think they are great. Pavement and The Flaming Lips are also good."

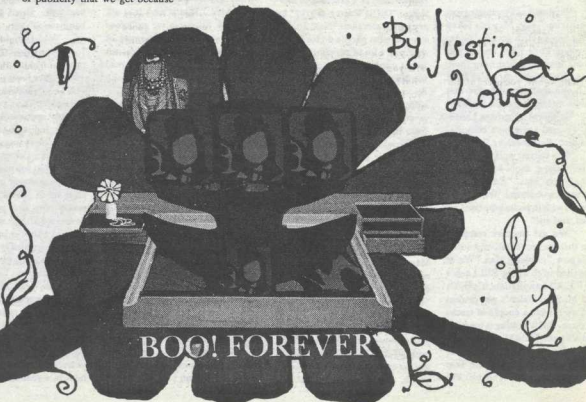
Try as I might, the only slag that I could get out of Martin was a long, drawn out "Booooooring" while Kristin Hersh was onstage.

"Do you always wear green shirts?"

Only when I'm interviewing bands that I really like, Martin my boy. I guess it's time for me to consult *Vogue* for tips on how to dress grunge.



By Justin Love





Coffin Break formed some six years ago, and while they were in the midst of the burgeoning and much-hyped Seattle scene, they don't feel as if they really belonged with the rest of the Sub/Pop squad. Citing that they were both "too punk and too melodic..." the band's influences are a mixed bag of rock history, including Discharge, Motocaddy, Elvis Costello, Hüsker Dü, The Who, The Beatles, Minor Threat, Ramones, and Led Zeppelin... — Epitaph bio

The following is conversation between *Discorder's* Grant Lawrence and Coffin Break's Peter Litwin. Grant: Hello, Peter... Peter: Hello?

Hello, Peter? Yeah...

Hi, it's Grant calling. Oh, I was just calling you on the other line! I'll just hang up this one.

Hello? Hello? Ruskin! What the fuck are you doing? Nordward: He hung up on you!

No he didn't! What'd you do? Put him back on! Nordward: Fuck! I didn't do nothing!

Well he's gone, you piece of shit! Hello?

Oh... hello? Peter? Yeah.

Ok, good. Nordward's sorta helping us out today. He says nice seeing your ass in *Stylus* magazine.

That's not me! It's Rob! I just saw that today for the first time.

Where was that? The outdoor festival, the Highwood thing, Rob was naked.

So what? You think of the mucho talked about Highwood '92? Besides all the mass confusion and how some of the bands got jerked around, I thought it was great.

namely because of your extremely vigorous and constant touring. In fact, you've probably toured Canada more than any other American band I can think of. Really? Wow, that's pretty cool! Well, we like it. We've been all across Canada and the shows are cool and people treat us really nicely. The towns are pretty spread out but the crowds are great when we get there.

So, starting in Victoria, what's the furthest east you've toured? To Quebec City.

Now, was that with Gwar? Peter: No, on one Canadian tour we went as far as Winnipeg with Gwar. Things got kinda screwed up on that tour, they all got sick, then we got sick... I guess they couldn't hack the Canadian cold, even though they're supposed to be from Antarctica!

So you got a lead guitarist! Who is this guy? Zef.

Zack? Zef! Zip? ZEP!!!

Oh, Zef. So, is he working out or are you going to fire him, or what? Why'd you get him? No, he's working... out great. I've always wanted a second guitar. It's a little heavier, a little fuller. Plus I'm not so good on the leads and he is!

The new album sounds pretty cool. Pretty poppy this time! Yeah, pretty melodic, huh?

The cover is two newwies in their marriage outfits, covered in blood, looking into a picture of themselves smiling and perfect. What in the hell does this mean?

Well, kinda like they look into a mirror, and they look happy, and things are great but in reality things are fucked! It's a bad luck thing, going along with the album's title,

BYE BYE L.A. KARENCE

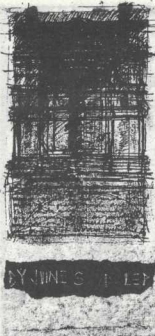
Thirteen.

Your border situation is really weird...you've got to cross alone because you've got a goofy cop record, right? And the other guys drive up separately but, ironically... they got stopped at the border for a really extended period of time. Like 6 or 7 hours. I went across on problem.

And you actually ended up missing your time slot...?

Yeah, we missed it. So then they changed us to go on right before the headliner of the night, the Dead Milkmen, and we're all ready, we're there unloading the van, and some guy comes up and says "ok, you're playing tomorrow at 10:00am." I think our time slot was changed maybe 5 or 6 times. In the end we played at about 4:00pm Sunday.

Crazy. Right before I got on the line with you, Nordward referred to Coffin Break as "one of the hardest working bands alive."



One day I got a package in my usually forlorn empty GTR mailbox from Dead Voices On Air's Mark Spybey. It contained a letter with the line "I used to be in a British band you might've heard of called Zoviet France." I had I heard of Zoviet France? They only make some of the most beautiful ambient music around. I listened to the tape and was mightily impressed with its sophisticated soundscapes. I quickly arranged an interview with Mark and his collaborator, Video Barbecue member Scott Harker, which took place in Mark's Kitsilano apartment, replete with his artwork and hand made instruments.

Right off the bat, in a fit of Canadian inferiority complex, I asked Mark why he moved to Vancouver. "I have you been to England lately?", he exclaimed. "It's a bloody awful country. The political situation is dreadful. I've worked in a lot of hospitals and the health service was really good in Britain, but it's been so severely cut back that it made my life really difficult. The way I met Scott was through a mutual friend, he's in my profession and he's also a musician that played with Scott. So I contacted him and he said 'come to Vancouver.' So it was kind of a good idea! Six months later, I ended up here."

Mark then filled me in on his involvement with Zoviet France. "I haven't been in Zoviet France for about two years. In fact, I lost touch with them for the usual band reasons. I was pleasantly surprised to see they have such a sizable following. I just moved into this area and went into Zulu Records and there on the wall was a Zoviet France T-shirt. I was talking to the guy in the shop and he said that Zoviet France had played here. All the record stores have CDs, much more than you would find in Britain. It's the same for stuff like Skinny Puppy. They are big in Europe, and so is FLA, and over here they don't enjoy the same success. It's a horrendous kind of rock tradition that's so difficult to erode."

I reinforce that thought by saying that those bands really do

feel that they aren't really appreciated here. "Oh good, I'd like to hear about it from a musician," exclaims Mark. "I have raging arguments from people who aren't musicians, and when they hear I'm a musician they say: 'Phil Collins, isn't he great?' What a wanker! That's one of the reasons I left Britain... the last election. Phil Collins said if Labour got in, he'd leave. Britain for tax exile, please leave!"

Back to Zoviet France, how well do they do in Britain? "They do okay. Until I joined them they refused to do publicity and they'd never played live. Can you imagine a band that only achieved what they did through very ingenious marketing ploys, which at the time was to hand produce all their album sleeves, and to have a very supportive record label, who was willing to put money up front to distribute their product. I was amazed when I was in the band because I'd got mail from all over the world: Japan, Malaysia, South America; crazy offers to play live, which they steadfastly refused to do. They didn't feel they could do justice to themselves. I pushed them and we did a couple of gigs—one in Amsterdam which was quite nice to do."

Mark then put Zoviet France in their musical perspective. "The scene peaked when Zoviet France came out, at the time when industrial music was in its heyday. We'd just had the first wave of stuff like TG [Throbbing Gristle], and the Spits, and 23 Skidoo, and Portion Control; all these sorts of bands. So Zoviet France's first two or three releases were pretty much in that territory. They've become far too musical for my tastes! To me, they're a world music type of band that use a lot of special effects to create a still pleasing sound...it's become something different from the thing I'm actually interested in, which is improvisation."

Both Scott and Mark feel that music should be "stimulating, direct and challenging. It should be about issues that aren't easy to deal with in other art forms," elaborates Mark. "Baby I love you" is a very tired, over-worked pop sen-

timent, something I'm not interested in at all. I'd much rather deal with issues of importance. Our music is very personal and it's got a lot of references in there that are not easy to decipher. I prefer any type of music that makes my brain work and involves more than one sense."

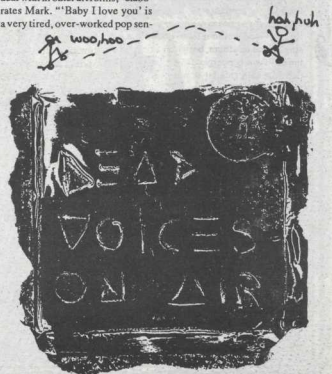
The emotional content, on one hand, is important to Scott. "There's got to be an emotional content to the music, I don't have to intellectually know where the emotional content is coming from. There should be a balance between the emotional and intellectual."

Along with their preference for improv, Dead Voices On Air are definitely not into technical overkill. "People tie themselves in knots over the technical side of music, it's bullshit," according to Mark. "Some of the worst excesses are tied to that kind of thinking. The reality is that music is accessible to people, music making as well, because it's concerned with creativity. Everyone's creative, everybody's got the ability to do the things we're doing, it's whether or not you want to do it, ultimately."

Scott explains that they record everything they do but, because they improvise, the first time he hears a Dead Voices On Air recording it's completely new. This is different from other bands where a song is rehearsed to death. "I thought this is good, but what will it sound like after repeated listening? It's standing up for me in a way I never thought it would necessarily, which is exciting?"

Mark sums it all up: "I underestimate the Zoviet France link but we have a lot of faith in what we're doing. I'm confident at the end of the day the product we did is good, exciting and it's inventive." Dead Voices On Air is definitely all of those.

(Dead Voices On Air are at the Pitt Gallery on Saturday Feb. 27 and Sunday Feb. 28. Also, look for their release on Death of Vinyl later this year.)



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Speaking of bands like the E Morzelpronk, LPD and yourselves, are you ever met with some hesitation by reviewers and audiences because you are a four-piece rock 'n' roll band? Reviewers and audiences in the Netherlands are very skeptical regarding groups like the E Morzelpronk and Trespassers V. That is because they are conservative (generally speaking) and have fixed ideas about what rock or pop should be. And, yes, rock should be played by two guitars, a bass

should have hooks, should have simple sing-along lyrics and should be danceable. And if rock is not like that it should be trendy (techno) but nevertheless simple and danceable. Anything else?

Our next album is about "zero-ness": point blank, a new starting point in one's life; the empty page or canvass, fear to damage the blackness/whiteness of the page.

We are looking for a sym-

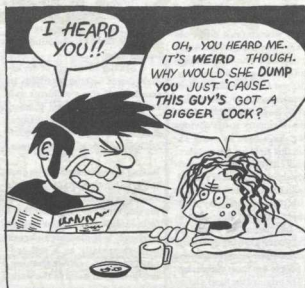
thetic label to co-produce the record CD with us. We are interested to make an LP, not a CD, but we would accept help from a second party to produce a CD alongside the LP. We are touring England, Belgium and Germany (small tour) in January and people are trying

organize tours for us in Scandinavia (for the second time...it's rare to see up there) and Greece (been there twice as a tourist. Magnificent country, very stimulating, get great reviews and articles there!).

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the Offspring

The Offspring's music is punk. It's rock too. Damn, it's hook filled, melodic and catchy as hell. Their latest offering, *Ignition*, on Epitaph could be one of 1992's best. A modern day classic. Each song better than the one you heard before, or so it seems, yet every song that preceded better still. *Ignition* is a strong, powerful and consistent record.

So, it does strike me as somewhat strange that The Offspring have been around now for about seven years and have still not really received the attention they justly deserve. Will *Ignition* finally break The Offspring's curse and let them be heard by the masses? I hope so. Read on friends...

The Offspring is:

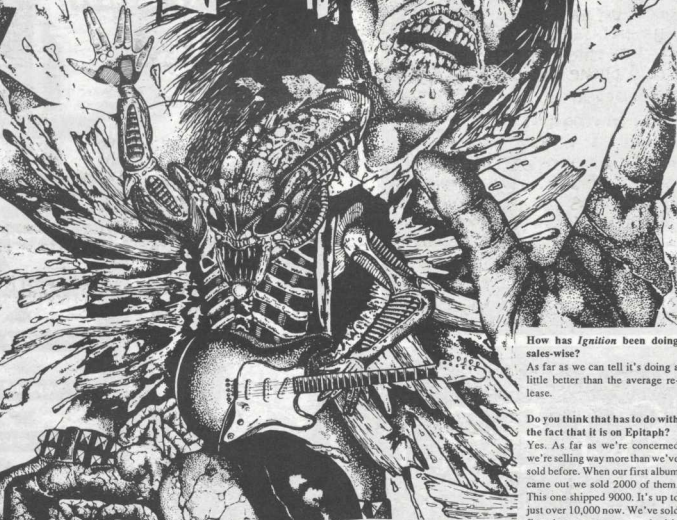
Noodles — guitar
Greg K. — bass
Ron Welty — drums
Dexter Holland — vocals

Discorder: I guess we should start with the fact that The Offspring have a new record out on Epitaph. How did that come around? Dexter Holland: Well... we begged them actually! We recorded for a compilation called *The Big One* on Flipside and we did it at West Beach. That's how we met Brett [Gurewitz, of Bad Religion and Epitaph Records], because that's their studio. We just happened to record for that compilation there and then we hit him up, this was about a year ago, and he turned us down eventually. We thought "Oh, shoot!" because we thought we had a chance with them.

Then we had an offer from Lookout! Records and it came to the point where we just decided "Well, the hell with it, we're just going to sign with the best thing we can get." So we sent out to a bunch of labels. I went to a record store and looked in record bins for labels. We mailed out to about twenty of them. We even mailed out to Epitaph thinking that we didn't have a chance because they had already turned us down, but they actually called and said "Well, maybe we might be interested, but you've got to send us a demo of new stuff."

We really hustled it out, we didn't even have the songs written. We got together and in a few days we pulled all of those half songs into songs. We didn't have lyrics or anything! We went in and demoed it and I just sang nonsense lyrics, I didn't even have the

Discorder have to



By Flexin' Your Erik

make up real words. We just sent them the tape of that and they really liked the songs. They signed us just based off of that. We went into the studio about a month later, when I had more or less written lyrics, and we did the real thing in the studio.

You chose Thom Wilson as your producer...

He's done all of our records for us. I had seen his name on all of the old Orange County stuff, the punk stuff, that used to come out — he produced all of that old stuff: T.S.O.L., The Vandals, Adolescents — and just from those records I decided that I would like to look

him up. It wasn't easy finding him. A guy who used to help manage us helped us find him. We just hit him up, sent him a demo tape and happened to get really lucky because he works in TV, but he has an off season and he likes to do records occasionally. So, we just happened to hit him up at the right time. It worked out well, so he hasn't minded working with us ever since.

You obviously work well together because the new record came out sounding very good!

Thanks! He's really open to his chops. He'll do for MTV, once in a while they'll ask him to do an "Unplugged" thing, it's just weird stuff that he still does. He went on there and that... umm... what's that "Silent Lucidity" band? Do you know who I'm talking about, that awful heavy metal band? I'm sure if you ask someone they'll know, it's on MTV all the time. He did them and someone like the Scorpions. He does stuff like that and he did the MTV Music Awards... all kinds of crazy stuff.

He's still really good at his sound. We're really happy about it because sometimes people say all the Epitaph stuff sounds the same. Because Brett is involved with a lot of production there is a similar production style on a lot of it. Brett was actually really happy to have someone else produce it. It made it sound a little different, I think, from other Epitaph releases. Yeah, everything worked out great!

How has *Ignition* been doing sales-wise?

As far as we can tell it's doing a little better than the average release.

Do you think that has to do with the fact that it is on Epitaph?

Yes. As far as we're concerned we're selling way more than we've sold before. When our first album came out we sold 2000 of them. This one shipped 9000. It's up to just over 10,000 now. We've sold five times as many records, it's incredible! Almost no Epitaph record sells under 10,000.

That definitely helps you to have a lot. What are the chances of having your first record that was on Nemesis re-released on Epitaph? I've approached them about it, and we have talked about it, I'm not really sure if it is going to happen. Epitaph doesn't want to be perceived as snakes that come in and try to scoop up other people's records. So it's on hold but it is a possibility I guess. I would like to see it happen because it never came out on CD, Nemesis didn't have the resources to put it out on anything other than album and cassette. Now I feel we could probably sell some.

Do you think your new record has helped you break your "curse" in L.A.?

...of anonymity? I don't know yet! They say it takes a good three or four months to let it permeate and get out there. We've played a couple of shows that have went really

well... I can't tell if we are going to draw a lot of people the next time we play. I think it is going to take us a while before we can tell if anything is going to happen or not. Everyone seems really positive about it. It seems like all of the reviews have come in good.

Do you see L.A. as a place where a band can be huge but not being anywhere else?

Yeah, look at Oingo Boingo! It happens but usually it is the opposite, where they hate you in L.A. I don't know what it is but I think the people in L.A. are inundated with music. It's a tough crowd to please.

That may have been your problem in the past? Maybe, maybe. It's so much easier when you go out on the road and people are happy that you even come and play their town. It was really weird, a totally different change in attitude.

Do you think we'll be seeing The Offspring on the road and hitting Vancouver at all in the near future?

I hope so! I'm sure we're going to be touring in the summer. The last two times we've been out we've hit Seattle but we've never made it to Vancouver. Someone said it's a hassle getting across the border unless you're planning to stay in Canada for a few days. I hope to come to Vancouver, I've heard really good things about it from Berkeley. They're like "Oh, man, you've got to go up there and play. It's no good up there." It is as good as they say!

It's hard for me to be objective on that point!

We're actually really lucky this next month! We're going to play with NOFX in L.A. and two Bad Religion shows. One show is at the Santa Monica Civic and it has a 5000 capacity.

Is it frightening because of the amount of people, or the potential for disaster?

All of that! You're just thinking "Man, if we took tonight we'd have to go to live it down." A little, tiny show in front of fifty people is almost like "Who cares?" How are you ever going to get past that kind of wrath if you do badly? We were lucky though, it went well.

Do shows that large tend to be violent?

Yes! L.A., in general, is a little more violent than a lot of places. More violent than places like Berkeley and some other cities, but in a way less violent than some places like Fresno. They're sort of caught in "skateheadism." There's some people that are just drawn to the violence of it rather than the music. That's not really what I'm about at all, and that sucks.

Contact The Offspring at:
5544 Apa Drive
Cypress, CA
90630 USA.

Wow, more empty space. I don't care. I look forward to this so.

... give up? It's a rake. And this stake offering from one of the other gods!

Well, it finally happened, I lost my one and only Valentine...my mom found the Playboy under my mattress. So, there I was, lonely and sad only days before Cupid flies... I'd never find another September '76 issue of Playboy in my dad's workshop. But wait, I'm a big Disorder celebrity, I could misuse my column for selfish gains. So, here goes, WIN A DREAM DATE WITH EXCUBUS HANSLAUGHTER on a postcard or letter, write your name and phone number, a brief intro about yourself, and a few sentences on why you think I should go on a date with you. The winner will win an exciting date with myself and a box of tasty snacks. Our romantic (?) rendezvous will also appear in an upcoming issue to let all of those not-so-fortunate losers in on just exactly what they missed. What more could you want? Address all entries to Excubus' Love Contest c/o Disorder (no weirdos please.)

So, it seems that people are aware Front Line Assembly aren't some European industrial band but more like an Vancouver band with a ~~wooden~~ really clever gimmick. However, it may surprise you little industrial pups that besides them and Skinny Puppy, the master of metal-industrial car-crashing is Mr. Ministry himself, resides in our fair city. It's true, just look in the phone book.

But instead of phoning old Al, I decided to call Mr. Love himself, Jeffrey Dahmer. Yes, that wacky cannibal love killer, but in my attempts to get hold of him I kept running into brick walls and people who were reluctant to help. Finally I decided Dahmer was just an evil freak and no one in their right mind would want to talk to him.

So I called Bedrock City to talk to Fred Flinstone but there was no answer. But as the old adage goes, when in trouble just call Wayne Newton. So I did.

Wayne Newton: Hello?
Excubus: Danke Schoen Mr Newton



-Huh who is this
-I'm a columnist, now's show biz
-Man couldn't you come up with something better, like "is your refrigerator running?" Geeeez, click....
-Hello, Mr Newton?
Send in those Loveletters and ill chat with you all later, oh yeah, this months Alternative tips: i) Throw out your Ted Nugent albums + buy an Exploited album.
2) Go to Luv-a-fair + dance w/ Marco, or just buy him drinks
3) Get money from your folks, buy new Docs + a leather jacket + head down to Gran + beg for change.



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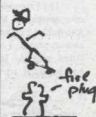
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15C Betty) Page

Throwing Muses

by patti herkei (JACKSON SEATTLE)

Kristin Hersh is truly a muse of this modern world. She alchemizes all the pain and suffering that she observes into beauty and magic. Her songs are stories, pieces of people's lives, a document of this time and place. She says that the songs take us on a ride and that we must take this ride no matter what. I believe Kristin is more than just a vehicle for this trip and that she does not merely play a passive role.

This interview is based on a recent phone conversation that I had with Kristin while she was on the band's American tour. She appeared to be happy and very excited about the new album, *Red Heaven*, the new band and the birth of her son, Ryder. I believe that Kristin is one of the most important voices in modern music so I let her tell the story.

Discorder: It has been an incredibly productive year and a half for you with the birth of Ryder and *Red Heaven*...

Kristin Hersh: They don't feel dissimilar either. Ryder is on the road with us now so the juxtaposition is in my face all of the time and it's nice to have something physical, like Ryder, with all that work going on with the band. There are good pictures of both things. I am lucky to have them and I am so proud of each one, but I don't sleep much. (laughs)

Neither do your songs.... Then Tanya left, were you nervous about the next project?

She never actually left, we just dissolved as a band when we were making *The Real Ramona*. I wasn't interested in being in the music business any longer. It is the same old story of doing something that you care about and having to deal with the music business bullshit. I was weak for a while and I didn't want to deal with it anymore because they are like my kids, these songs, and I couldn't watch them being kicked around then thrown back in my face—I had completely lost focus.

I had started the band on my own emotional articulation then just pulled out and didn't really care anymore. I was a little bit bored with the last two records and breaking up seemed like a

good idea to all of us. We were excited. I didn't know what I was going to do. I had to find out after a year plus that the songs kept coming whether I was in a band or not. The songs alone are what made me strong again. I needed to put them down and get them out, and I couldn't imagine working with anyone but Dave. We brought Leslie Langston back to do the record because we knew that this record needed a raw, immediate treatment.

What direction are you going in now?

We're a trio, a sound that I was looking for for a long time. I didn't know it but we are finally able to do old songs, that I could not make happen as a four-piece song, from our first couple of records that people ask for at our shows. My answer [to requests before] would be, "No, I'm not 17 anymore."



They are fine songs, good personalities, but I couldn't make them happen. I think, as a four-piece, you inherently lack dynamics because you present this wall of sound that you can't afford to let drop, but can't build from either. So our intricacy was mainly in the counter-rhythms and counter-melodies, but we didn't have the dynamics that we have now.

Is it difficult for you to sing those earlier, painful songs, night after night, due to the emotional factor?

Yeah, but that's my job. "Hate My Way" is painful, but freeing. I don't think that I have any song that is pessimistic. Each song, no matter what it deals with, takes you on its ride and even though it doesn't explain anything, at least it doesn't take you down.

I must be an exception, but I can see how the songs are cathartic...how you can figure out what you are feeling and then get it out of your system.

You have to take that ride because it's there. You are going to do it anyway so you might as well do it in a safe place like music. Like the song "Mania," that is the same deal, it's crazy and sounds like all of this awful stuff, but as soon as

So tell me about *Red Heaven*. That material all came in a big blast of three months. It is like I said, I had learned that it was great and that was my kick in the ass to start a band; that caring so much is a strength and not a weakness. The live show sounds pretty much like our record. We produced this one because we couldn't have anyone stepping on it, not because it was fragile but because we knew



you get to the worst point of the ride where it says, "Hate My Way," it's important that you are in this frame of mind. You have come all the way but now you are in a song so dance to it. That's what you do. That is a good answer and it moves you that way. It is not your job to kill yourself.

exactly what we wanted. So we pretty much turned everything up in the studio because there wasn't anyone there to tell us not to.

I think that *Red Heaven* is very straight-forward, more so than the other albums. *The Real Ramona* was going in a more

linear direction, but this one pushes it that much further.

Do you really think so? I do. *The Real Ramona* was heavily produced, this one needed a live sound. We couldn't afford to present this as a band playing in a room and then start singing...me singing with myself and all of these pms and pms dropping in. We put the drums in a giant room and we didn't gate them. We put mikes everywhere and used that crazy spilling over sound. We played the guitars through four crazy old fuzz boxes and the singing was the same way (experimental). People always say that "when you're singing quietly you get up into the mike and whisper, but when you scream, you run away from the mike." Whenever the song would reach a climax I'd be on the other side of the room! So I just screamed into the mikes and the meters went crazy like we knew they would.



When you write songs are they already produced in your head, the type of sounds that you want etc., or are they produced in pre-production?

It depends. Sometimes a song will come just as lyrics, the guitar part and the melody but, for the most part, it's just something that I hear so I have to make sure that we do the right sound fixings, as groovy as that sounds. So, usually, I am working in my own studio with the drum machine, playing bass, guitar and vocalizing. I make a record even before we actually make the album.

That saves you a lot of money. Yes, it does, and it also saves you that horrible stress when you get into the studio and you are thinking too hard.

How did you meet up with Bob Mould? I remember reading about how you were a big fan of his and then he appears on your album...

You met just about everybody when you're in the business enough.

Who are your favorite performers?

I think that Mary Margaret O'Hara is great.

Really?!? You are so much alike, vocally.

My baby loves her record. We call it the sun gun because no matter what is going on with him, we can put on her record and he just freezes. I like Pond a lot, we toured with them in Europe.

You once said that your songs are based on characters that take up your head. Are any of these characters based on people that you met and had conversations with, or read their stories and were moved by them? They could be a combination of all of those things. It's what sinks in from the works, but only what matches with what is way down inside you. I wouldn't say, "Oh, she's just like me, I will write for the ladies now." I am always behind what the songs have to say but I think that all of those little pieces, and what's way down inside me, all come together in the songs. It seems like magic to me and I think that's why songs can be religious, because they make the work more beautiful than it is and they know a little more than I do. The songs are based on pieces of people's lives. If people did a hard job or an appropriate job in their lives then their stories come with a little bit of magic.

What about people who are dying from AIDS, who are courageous through the torture of the disease, etc.?

Getting through it is the important thing because pain happens to anyone, indiscriminate whether they are good or bad. Happy people are truly magic. You can not be happy having been uncomfortable your whole life. But you can be very, very calm having felt all that stuff and that's what happy people are.

Mudhoney

BY SUEA
SJOBERG

"I'll know we've made it when Dan starts drumming with Danzig." — Mark Arm

"We love Seattle that's why we live there. It's a crazy faggot town we live in." — Mark Arm

"We have 30 more albums left on our contract." —

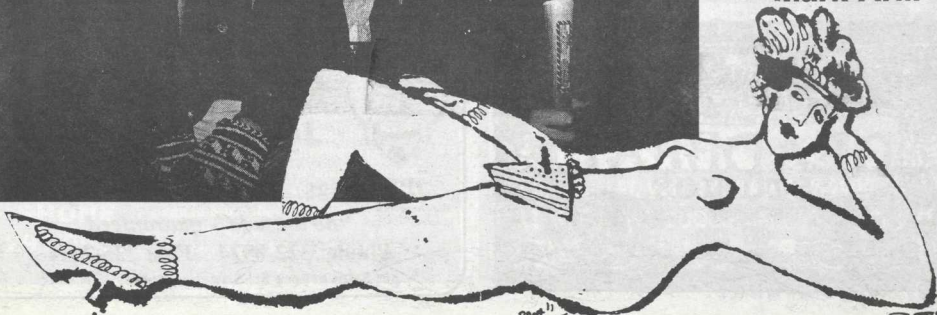
Dan Peters

"If the records don't sell we have to work in the Reprise coal mines."

— Mark Arm



PHOTO BY JEFF WHITMAN



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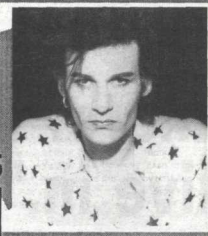
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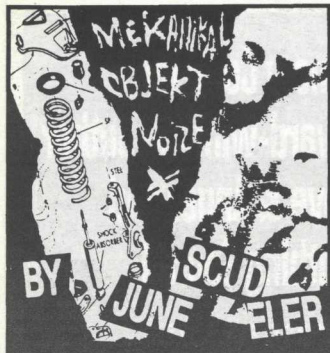
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The first column of the year—yippeee! Let's go to it, boppers. First up is *Most Beat Manifesto's* latest, *Satyricon* (Mute). It opens promisingly with the subsonic ambient "Pot Sounds," which is then followed by the dance heavy "Midstream." But Jack Danger's vocals throw me off, he's actually singing more than he is shouting, which makes the song sound more generic. "Drop" however, has a hypnotic dub-like bassline and the vocals are more akin to days of yore.

"Your Mind Belongs to the State" features interviews with people talking about the end of the

universe, their own mortality and insanity definitely more interesting samples than used in most dance stuff while "Circles" employs African percussion and samples of frogs. In "Edge of no Control," a member of Consolidated phones Jack Danger and leaves a message on his answering machine: "This is Mark. I'm at the studio and I wanna give you some BPM—we got 177, we got 93, 94.5, 112." A loud, humorous groan is heard after the last.

Satyricon is certainly smoother than their earlier releases but I must admit I miss the rawness and the noisiness. However, on re-

peated listening there are signs of the earlier *Most Beat*, I wasn't too keen on this at first but it flows together well I might even pick it up.

Next up is *Pigface's* newest *Fook* (Invisible). Way more focused than *Pigface's* earlier releases it starts off with what sounds like Led Zeppelin coming through a badly tuned transistor radio, then slams into a hard-core sing! Insane and intense vocals by KMFDM's En Esch bass by Rollins Band's Andrew Weinstein, and ex-Killing Joke Paul Raven make this an awesome opening.

"Ten Ground and Down" features Silverfish's Lesley Ronkin on vocals; her voice is filled with barely concealed rage. Chris Connelly pulls vocal duty as well, so it's the Scottish accents from hell, and Barbara Hunter plays a cello, which greatly adds to the track's feeling of unease.

Ogre's touring with *Pigface* has improved his voice markedly—he uses no distortion—and on "Insemination" his oblique poetry is highlighted. Not to be outdone is Martin Atkins' complex drumming... One of the best tracks, however, has to be "Hips Tits Lips Power," again with awesome vocals by Ronkin. It's an ode to female power that has the strength of a bulldozer, due mainly to the double guitars of Fuzz and En Esch, the vocal accompaniment by Mark Byker, as well as blasts of programming. *Fook* ends with "I Can Do No Wrong," a noisy track highlighted by Connelly's rather nasty look at himself. He writes some of the best lyrics, he's not afraid to

Potatoes which comes ingeniously wrapped in a potato sack! There are three songs: "Slavery Song" is a folksy song with the added twist of a drum machine, while "Evolution's" chorus reminds me of country music as a "Raswale." The tape ends with "Day 01," a happy tune about how a newborn is born into a world where things can only get worse. It features an off-kilter rendition of "Mamma's Gonna Buy A Mockingbird" and a crying baby. The instrumental bit before this part works well. Contact Billy Gets Left Behind at #6-1168 Pendrell St., Vancouver, B.C., V6E 1C4.



Next up is the *Deprogrammers'* latest cassette, *Wash Your Brain*. The *Deprogrammers* believe that the general populace is brainwashed by the cult of materialism, whose basic precepts are the fact that there is no God, that life comes from matter, and that people satisfy their whims and urges of the body, no matter what. The two members have become followers of Vipramukhya Swami and are on a

mission to deprogram people from the cult of materialism. Whether or not you agree with their philosophy, the tape is pretty good. "Cybernetic Christ" is fast with guitars and reminds me of Babyland, while "Wash Your Brain" has a staccato rhythm over a good bassline and a good sample: "Brains are filthy and they need a good washing." If you can't find this in record stores, here's the address: Box 500, 44 South Slope RD, Burnaby, B.C. V5J 5G3. Send S.A.S.E. for a catalogue.

As you may have read elsewhere in *Discorder*, *Dead Voices on Air* is comprised of ex-Zoviet

anything yet but plan to perform either this month or in March. Stay tuned to Mekanikal Objekt Noise, the radio version (Mondays 11:5-3pm), for more details.

Hey, it wouldn't be a column without yet-another-Front-Line-Assembly release! This time it's *Rhaze Two* by *Intermix* (Third Mind). I just got a copy so I haven't had too much time to listen to it, but it's fun and definitely on the light side. It includes the 12" song "Dream On." (I enjoy the nine minute track better) and "Monument," which has a fat, reverb bass line that hooked me in. "Monument" and "Truth" however, seem to be more related to the Deterium project than this bit, overall, enjoyable.

In other local news, Tear Garden (Cevin and Dwayne of Skinny Puppy and Edward Kaspel of the Legendary Pink Dots) has a video for "Sheila liked the Rodeo" (Network), as well as an EP that should be out in March. Network is also working on a release package of Skinny Puppy videos which should include some cool stuff involving look honesty at himself, especially on his solo albums. I do miss the experimentation of the other *Pigface* releases but this will probably be more accessible to people put off by *Pigface's* erraticness.

I've also become the recipient of some local releases from people doing electronic music in Vancouver, believe it or not. First up is Billy Gets Left Behind's *Small* the "Warlock" video and live stuff. That's it for now...



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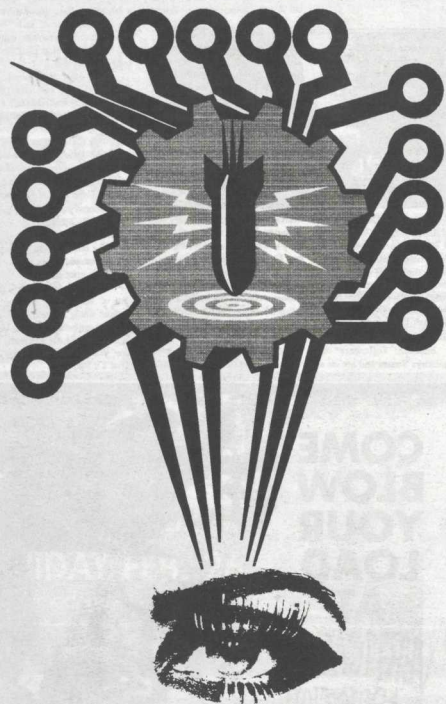
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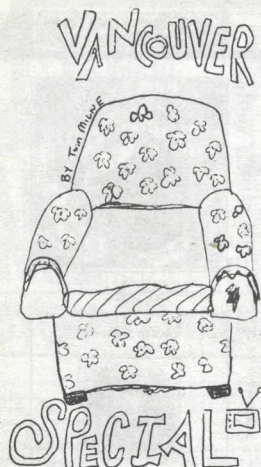
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THE CHRISTENING

Ok, so we're a bit disorganized this month, to the point where Kim didn't actually get around to submitting anything, but at least we got the fucking thing done, right? It's probably pretty obvious Coral and Redd aren't doing the "Special"

anymore and since I'm not really sure how they approached it I can't say we'll be picking up where they left off. However, we do hope to cover whatever we can concentrate specifically on the Vancouver independent music scene, of course. If you want anything to be reviewed in this column send stuff to "Van-

cover Special" c/o *Disorder*. I promise that everything that gets sent in will be reviewed. However, if you are going to send stuff in, fuck off with the promo shit. A little background info about the band sometimes helps but I could care less about promo shots or acres of drooling rock 'n' roll jazz about how great the band is. I can listen to the tapes myself thanks. As for the reviews themselves, I'll do my best to try and describe the musical content but I won't apologize for any mildly obnoxious opinions I may have.

STEPPIN' ON GRANT'S TOES

One can only admire the total irrelevance the new *Evaporators 7* shows for "serious" musicianship. Amidst the fuzzed out noise one would expect from an Evaps release arise a surprisingly number of great songs. Standout tracks for me are the screechy yowling of "Welcome to my Castle" and the 60's punk stomper "Pregnant" overlaid by a fine Mudhoney-inspired buzzaw guitar sound. There is, of course, the obligatory insulting Nordavur interview snippet and excellent full-colour packaging.

LOCAL DEMOS

The Walk bravely venture into the little travelled world of Blue Rodeo-inspired, light, jingly pop tunes. It's quite well done but listening to this type of music for too long makes me want to bash my head in.

On the same note somebody should've told *Castrated Turnip* that it is an extremely bad idea to cover a Ramones song and do it slower than the original. Fourth-rate pop punk.

The next time I get the urge to listen to bad rock 'n' roll/retro-metal with masturbatory, technical, guitar-wank overtones I'll know I can find it in *Riotor Cloud* (Rah Talent, #71-1665 Robson St., Vancouver, B.C., V6G 3C2). I'm sure there's a huge audience for this kind of gutless drudge. And if *Sadistic Humor* (c/o Sean Luciw, #65-1605 Summit Dr., Kamloops, B.C., V2E 2A5) is trying to parody some of the cheerier aspects of metal I'd say they've succeeded with their repetitive chugga-chugga-speed-metal riffs everyone's heard before, their obligatory ballads and, of course, the lyrics about gambling with the reaper and slaying dragons.

Aeronation (\$6 post. paid, 313 Pine St., Mt. Vernon, WA, 98273 USA) play raw, blistering hardcore that reminds of the mighty Rorschach except the lyrics display a high degree of frustration and self-centered personal rage. Similarly, the newest tape from Victoria's *Contempt* has a definite raw, early Black Flag feel to it, except the song structures are more complex and the lyrics more explicitly political. Very punk.

Elephants Child — A bit of *Dinosaur Jr.* in the guitar work and Northern Pike in the harmonies. The music is well crafted but it doesn't have enough guts to be anything more than sedate college-rock. (5250 Chesham Ave., Burnaby, B.C., V5H 2L2)

Paste, however, have forged a heavy, raw-edged guitar sound on this tape that is complemented perfectly by the singer's full-throated vocals. If he'd concentrate more on yelling the songs the tape would be better overall since his miserable attempts at singing end up sounding like a bad version of Shut-down.

Karin play controlled, hectic thrash with low, growly vocals and intelligent, personalized lyrics. Tempo changes and interesting riffing raise this above the ordinary. (5949 Clarendon St., Vancouver, B.C., V54 3K4)

Georgette Fry — I've been told this sounds a lot like Bonnie Raitt with a country twang to it... sounds like a big pile of shit to me. Imagine boing lounge music with a severely watered down blues/country sound and the kind of beat that is so sedate it can be danced to without moving your feet. (P.O. Box 22007, 343 Wellington Rd., London, Ontario, N6C 4N9)

Spice of Life — If your idea of hip happenin' rock 'n' roll is Pearl Jam-induced, 70's throwback retro-metal with smooth production lines and absolutely zero energy you may find yourself able to rock out to this instantly forgettable tape. Yawn. (Suite 101 - 1184 Denman #145, Vancouver, B.C., V6G 2M9)

The *Falcons* — instrumental guitar a la Shadowy Men... except more laid back and with a slight country twang. Very cool. (35 - 2137 W. 1st Ave., Vancouver, B.C., V6K 1E7)

How the fuck do you expect me to fill this space huh? I can't fuckin' draw to save my life!

SEE, that's supposed to be a rocket-fueled funny car. But does it look like one? No.

Wah! Huh... that's right, it's a cow. Moo, fuckin' Moo... I move over Picasso! Is what I say. Watch this space for more graphics from the editor.

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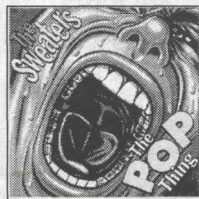
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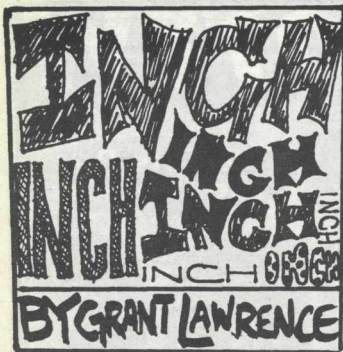


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I recently returned home from a weekend jaunt to Oregon and while there saw partook in some shows and stumbled across some Oregonians 7 inches. The first is from an act called **Roger Nusic and Conceptual Balls**. I saw Roger and his band play at the X-Ray Cafe in Portland and it was quite an experience. Roger Nusic is apparently some sort of local hero in Portland, somewhat comparable to our own **Narduar** the Human Serviette. Like Narduar, Roger Nusic dances startling stage apparel (usually a long, flowing gold cape) and cranks out some fairly disturbing rock music. Unlike Narduar, Roger Nusic is a healthy-duty Christian.

The two songs on the Roger Nusic single are equally as bizarre as the live performance. "Spiritualized rock and roll music" could be a fair description...groovy rhythms under the wailing, blemish-like vocals of Nusic. The songs are very long as they are strange, and coupling that with a pretty bad recording job makes this stuff fairly hard to swallow even in a humorous light. The B-side, "What Is The Name," is their super-religious sing-along hit: "What is the name we want to hear? JESUS! Ooooooooooooooooooooo JESUS!!!" You gotta give Roger some credit for having the "Balls" to put this out.... (Hello Lovers, P.O. Box 1661, Tualatin, OR, 97062, USA)

Down in Eugene, Oregon, at a club called John Henry's, I saw a local band called **Compost** who gave me their new/debut 7". Sorry, not into this sorta stuff. I don't want to totally slag this cuz they were nice guys but I find their music to be slow, moody, and just downright depressing. Side two starts to get going and is kinda "nice" but it's nothing memorable, as are their live show albeit a lot heavier and louder. One interesting point is that all the cover art is different as the singer's dad owns a print shop. (954 West Third, Eugene, OR, 97402, USA)

Now why in the hell do I even bother leaving Canada when such great stuff is being put out here? **Authority Falls**, a new Quebecois hard-core band, kick ass! Fast 'n' furious hard-core punk that's ultra-

catchy and ultra-Canadian. They sing/shout in both English and French, with song themes strongly rooted in the anarchy/justice/peace department. Lots of rock and roll elements shine through, topped with the singer's familiar hoarse punk growl. The music is good and their message comes across loud and clear everything's rotten. Best in Canada hard-core I've heard in ages. (En Guard, 1671 St. Hubert, Montreal, PQ, H2L 3Z1)



Canada" note, **Narduar Records** has released two singles in a salute to Canada's 125th birthday of 1992 under the title "Narduar Canada 125 Birthday Series." The first is from Narduar's own combo **The Evaporators** who, after being a band for over seven years, have finally released their own piece of vinyl! And it's excellent; four solid, crazed rockers of "pure teenage zit snark angst" that leaves the listener flabbergasted and bewildered after



each spin. This record's demented, amazing sound, along with its top notch packaging and hilarious liner notes, make it a true milestone in Vancouver's rock and roll history.

Also out from Narduar is Britin's **Three Headcotes** Canadian debut, where lead singer Billy Childish pays tribute to early Canada's only true folk-hero and rebel, Louis Riel. As is with most of all of **Three Headcotes'** stuff, both sides

are stompin', rockin', and suave in high garage rock fashion. My only complaint here is that the cover art isn't quite up to Nard-par but the extensive liner-notes on Louis Riel (written by Pierre Berton specifically for this single) make up for it. (Narduar Records, P.O. Box 21021, 1395 Marine Drive, West Vancouver, BC, V7T 2X8)

Man, some of the crap I get sent.... **Pieces of Lisa's** new 7" sounds like a cyber-punk version of **Quiet Riot** mixed with **Rush** with some heavy funk overtones. And if anyone out there thinks that is an attractive description please stop reading, rip this column out of the magazine, and kindly wipe your ass with it. Q: What's the difference between **Pieces of Lisa** and a bucket of shit? A: The bucket. (Greedy Records, 1280 4th Ave. #4, San Francisco, CA 94122, USA)

Also from San Francisco this month, but thankfully not as easily comparable to a jump of steaming shit, is **Penelope Houston**. Old-schoolers may remember this woman from her days of fronting the premier San Francisco punk combo **The Avengers** in the late '70's/early '80's. Her latest 7" is just **Penelope Houston** "and her band" and is radically different from anything **The Avengers** ever did. This single's two tunes are both cool, country-flavoured, bluegrass beat stuff, sorta sounding like a cross between the **Violent Femmes** and the **Picketts**. All in all, a couple of good songs that are genuine and different. (Boki Records, P.O. Box 49593, Los Angeles, CA, 90049, USA)

I was a little disappointed by my next selection from **The Odd Numbers**. I heard a great tape of their's while in Eugene and set out to find some of their apparently existing vinyl. What I found was a four song EP entitled **From Cradle To Grave**. Now maybe I was really drunk or something but **The Odd Numbers** ain't quite as hot as I recalled. Like the great **E-Types** I talked about last month, the **Odd Numbers** take on that mod-stylin', Jam-inspired, three-chord power pop. With those sort of ingredients I'd usually love it but in this case there was just nothing definite to their sound. It was just kinda blah, you know? (Definitely a fizzle...too bad. (Eight-One Nine, 819 N. Second St., San Jose, CA, 95112, USA)

I picked up a 7" by a group called **Cerebral Corps** because I noticed they were on **Alias Records**,

who also play host to one of my most favorite bands around, the infectious rockin' **Magodias**. But alas, it was another waste of my bloody time. Must I explain what they sound like? Must I go through the motions of critiquing this? Can I even possibly be objective? Can I just review records I like? No. **Cerebral Corps** are a band that can't seem to decide what in the hell they want to do. They use a ton of it and consequently come out sounding much like **The Beatles'** circa **Magical Mystery Tour**. Since my likeness for them **Beatles** loses its steam right around **Revolver**, **Cerebral Corps** can join **Pieces of Lisa** on this detail. (Alias, 2815 West Olive Ave., Burbank, CA, 91505, USA)

Wiping all that negative slurring aside, make room for **Girl Trouble's** fabulous debut on **cmPty Records**! It's a tribute to **Girl Trouble's** resident go-go dancer, the **Granny Go-Go**. For those of you unfamiliar with the **Granny**, this woman is an 82 year old professional go-go dancer who, over the years, has appeared on stuff like **The Gong Show**, **Mr. Griffin**, and the **Jerry Lewis Telethon**!! Now she spends her golden years in smoke-filled,



smoke-packed Seattle clubs, up on stage with **Girl Trouble**, doing a "good shimmy" to GT's trademark rock and roll groove!

On the A-side of the single **Girl Trouble** put it out about how **Granny** can "Work That Crowd," complete with a spoken word from **Granny** over **Kahuna's** guitar solo. Plus the sleeve is covered with humorous and "revealing" photos of **Girl Trouble** and **Granny Go-Go** in action. As with any of **Girl Trouble's** incredible records this is a must have. (cmPty, P.O. Box 12034, Seattle, WA, 98102, USA)



Finally, **Fastbacks...** there ain't much of anything new that can be said about **Kurt Bloch's** downstate rock band that hasn't already been printed and reprinted. They're still great and even though this single isn't in the traditional super-fast-insta-pop-hit must-be-**Fastback's** mold it's still damn fine. I will now attempt to describe the songs: side one is a sobering drunk mid-tempo anti-anthem while side two blasts off with the stature of a nursery rhyme, into a long, quiet drum solo, and then turning into an instrumental that Clint could have used in *Unforgiven*. Yeah, yeah, I know, I

shouldn't have even tried. (Pop/Lama, P.O. 95364, Seattle, WA, 98145, USA)



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Chlie Houston's Evil Twang
Zolly Cracker
Crawl and Trust Us
Cruel Elephant
Monday, Dec. 21, 1992

Freak-out insanity in the King Crimson/Fred Frith/Snakefinger vein has for many years been one of my main interests in music, so it is not surprising that Crawl and Trust Us is my favorite local band. It's been a while since I've seen a drummer who is the lead vocalist (reminding me a bit of Adrian Belew) and it's also been a long time that I've seen a guitar player with such an awesome array of home-made guitar chords (musical chords, not ones with quarter inch ends). Most people tend to notice guitar heroes for their soloing, but this guy plays a lot of weird chords real fast. Brad Lambert, who used to be the rock star drummer in the Sarcastic Mannequin, has a setup including some rito-toms, a metal serving tray and other various percussion that falls my berry memory.

The bass player barely made it through the set due to the intensity of this band, shaking his aching arms before the last song, give him an "A" for effort and a pair of those band exercisers. I hope that Mr. Bass player doesn't take offense to my mentioning of this as I am jerryrigging to describe the level of musicianship required to play in this band.

Zolly Cracker is another cool band with another unique setup: the drummer plays a high hat with some kind of, perhaps African or North American, Indian drum; the singer plays acoustic guitar and harmonizes quite well with the bass player who has the longest fingers I've ever seen in music. I think that I may have seen her play before in an infamous, local, all-girl punk rock band but her "fingers only" walking style could easily land her a job in most jazz bands. The overall sound of this band could be described as highly percussive progressive folk.

You know it has been a good night when the Evil Twang seem a little boring in comparison to what you've just seen. Good party music if you haven't done any acid in the last month.

Evan Symons

Twerdoclebs
Chrome Dog
Mystery Machine
The Pasties
The Cruel Elephant
New Year's Eve

As I write this it is New Year's Day and my head hurts, it really hurts. On New Year's Eve I was at a party where I couldn't get up the nerve to talk to this girl who looked like Melissa Gilbert so I soon left to go to the Cruel Elephant. I missed the first three bands. I'm sure they rocked. The place was packed.

Then Twerdoclebs and they started with a lip-synch of The Scorpions' "Still Loving You" while their guitars, horns and drums warbled. It ended with the big hairy ape of a bassoon pulling the plug, set of the amps amidst the stews, sardines, whipped cream and machine fog. There were ten people left in the audience. Somewhere in the middle of their set Nardwaz came on and

REAL LIVE ACTION



sang "St. Francis in the Wood" which caused the bandmates to have a wrestling match.

I guess Twerdoclebs was sorta like the story of "Superman red-Superman blue." That was the one where Superman hooked up with these different kinds of kryptonite to his head, splitting him in two. That way he was able to date both Lois Lane and Lana Lang! Twerdoclebs is a powdered God-powdered Satan hybrid. It was the most amazing eight bucks! I even spent I got ripped off! Did I tell you my head hurts? It really hurts.

Rob Dayton

Tightwad
Sweet Sister Sam
Face of the Earth
Balloon Man
Mad Dogs, Seattle, WA.

New Year's Eve
 Under-age and in America would seem an unlikely combination for a fun New Year's Eve. However, I was given the honor of a trip to Northgate to witness a sight that could nearly shatter any trepid hopes of "Seattle: the musical Mecca."

After a brief voyage we arrived in the dark backlane of Mad Dogs. Gathering any acting abilities I had, in case of bomber's questioning, I was whisked into this land of tacky 21's and over. The dive, I mean bar, was spacious with all the necessary trimmings: broken chairs, a shabby looking dog and women with big hair. I found a darker corner to hibernate in and it was then that I became aware of the three guys on stage a.k.a. Balloon Man. They were hard to miss in their keen combination of Hawaiian prints and plaid. In fact, I think their outfits made much more of an impression than their music.

Then again, their cheering section of beer-guzzled buddies were pretty funny to look at too. Apparently they weren't bad musicians, but this concept was far beyond my grasp.

My disappointment of there being no singer quickly faded, these instruments were enough to bear.

Next up were Face on the Earth. If you're one of those people who fantasize about what glam rockers look like in long underwear, this band would be the hair extension? The singer danced on tables, stomped around in his Doc's, banged his head and got out of breath I thought (with joy) that he'd pass out. And if that was 'tunny enough, they had propies. I don't know what Face of the Earth is supposed to mean and, frankly, if these guys are planning to face anything it should be reality.

Sweet Sister Sam certainly got the majority of the people there sweating in their spandex. I guess the crowd never dreamed they'd get to see Queensryche in a bar. The singer had one of those open-like vocal ranges and looked pretty high on himself and his keyboard-sounding band. Hey, wouldn't you be proud if your music could induce drunk women into believing they're exotic dancers? This band even induced feelings within me to run away very far and run very fast.

During this band's far too lengthy set, midnight struck, a gorgeous hippie soundman kissed me and the art of people watching became progressively harder to wit-nessing a deranged circus sideshow.

Finally, Tightwad appeared and a beam of light shone upon a path leading out of the pit of throbbing pain and despair I found myself falling into. Speaking of pain, just how the hell can a singer breathe in a pair of women's tights? I'm too young to want to know the answer. In spite of the plethora of ridiculous events occurring around me,

Tightwad's music really stood out. Sure, after the bands I'd seen so far you'd think anything remotely decent could please me, but I assure you that my opinions and cynicism never let their guard down. The band consists of five members and in spite of some less than inspirational nicknames (Chickenhead?) they are all very talented. Tightwad were straight-forward, original, nobilist rock 'n' roll. Or, as their soundguy puts it, "heavy groove-oriented." Bars were open until three AM this night so we were treated to Tightwad's music for as long as they could stand playing it themselves. And I thought Christmas was over.

Emma Lauder

Smugglers
Huevos Rancheros
Bum
The Cruel Elephant
Friday, Jan. 22

The Cruel Elephant kicked off Bum's, Huevos Rancheros, and the Smugglers' "all Canadian Supaheroos tour" [3-days] with a sold-out show. Bum opened the night with a totally energetic performance. Despite going on first they drew the biggest crowd onto the Elephant's tiny dance floor, and out of all three bands on that night's roster I liked their mix of pop-punk the most. Huevos Rancheros were up next with their raw-edged, hi-energy, pseudo-Shadowy Men brand of instrumental mexican surf tunes. Normally, instrumental bands bore me, but they were kinda fun. The Smugglers would have been better if the crowd hadn't consisted of a fat, beer-guzzling, spastic 12-year old in the body of a 40 year old and a braless breast flauter. They had a nifty sign along with Lisa from bum, and some guy from the Hard Rock Miners. It was a really entertaining show, and not just because Grant's sly was undone the entire time...

Svea Sjöberg

the cruel elephant



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Mofo's Psychonic Hitchhiker's MONTH

Hi. I'm Mofo. I dissect vinyl. Anyway, I spent the last three weeks in the frozen hell some call the prairie, doing the holiday melatonin, and I return hoping to find the legendary Lewslund snow deficit, and what I find? A frozen hell!!!!!! Imagine my surprise. It took two train conductors a half an hour to pry me out from my hiding spot under the seat. But enough kvetching. This too will pass.

The response to my shameless plugging of the *Plamper* tape has been overwhelming! The loony vinyl subculture is far bigger than I expected. Thanks to Andrea Dulmage (of really fucking cold Prince George), R.K. of Seattle, Peder Downhauk of New West (two copies! Must be a sucker for punishment), and Mark Blair, Spotty and Jürgen of Vancouver proper. I'll jet those tapes to you pronto.

This month's quality guest has a little help. The credit is where credit is due, and the gully parties each receive a copy of said *Psychonic Plamper*, the lucky devil!!!!!! If you want your name in print (other than on a police blotter), and a nifty tape, send me Mofo, your examples of truly natty vinyl. Just drop them off at CTR with a note, or mail them care of *Discorder* (the address is on the masthead). Now, on with the pix-pack!!!!

That's Entertainment: Volume 2 — Maple Leaf Del compilation (CBS Special Products)

No kidding this is a special product! Picture a cover with a nice sevens-looking girl, a guy with the sort of moustache cops wear and hair like old-time jocks Joe Namath or

Phil Esposito, and places them in front of enough meats, cheeses and pickles to feed fifty. What kills me is the look of extreme anticipation on their faces as they prepare to gorge themselves on a nice romantic dinner of deli products! The gatefold sleeve has a pitch extolling the virtues of Maple Leaf Deli Products and groovy coupons in celebration of October Cheese Festival, as well as a voucher for more party albums like this one. The music is definitely what music butchers and meat managers would party to: Toto, Bonnie Tyler, The Hollies and others of this ilk make an appearance. This one was graciously donated by my brother, Geoff McLean, and he's just tickled pink to receive the tape! Many thanks!!
Cheezability rating: 90

Roll With The Feelin' — Sally Kellerman (Decca)

Roll with the Feelin'! This was given to your truly by *Discorder* writer and avowed Kreviss groupie, Shawn Conner. Sally Kellerman, star of such films as *M.A.S.H.*, ran into some bad luck lately, and with being saddled with the enviable task of playing romantic interest of Rodney Dangerfield in *Back to School* plus having the unfortunate luck of playing Naama in the direct-to-video *Top Girls and Natcha*. Back in her glory days, she took advantage of her celebrity cut to a record of that fake-soul/white-chick bluesy stuff that made Carole King, Carly Simon and other equally repugnant artists money. Fortunately, Sally, the owner of the biggest teeth in showbiz this side of Martha Raye, probably didn't make dollar one from this

LP. There is justice after all. Thanks, Shawn, and a tape is coming your way soon.
Cheezability rating: 75

Hollywood A Go Go — Various Artists (Arc)

The coolest thing about this LP other than the totally happening cover (in true 60's style) are the liner notes by none other than Sam "the Record Man" Souderman. A true rarity. This record was knocked off very quickly in Toronto circa 1966, and consists almost solely of Johnny Rivers covers. Yikes!
Cheezability rating: 70

Stuck On TV — Warren Schatz & Orchestra (MCA)

TV themes done "Hooked-On" style. Truly weird, this LP has some very obscure themes that aren't even popular enough to wind up on the TV "toon compilations! Oddities like *Bachelor Father*, *Trapper John, M.D.*, *The Incredible Hulk* and many other lost series themes appear on *Stuck On TV*. Naturally, as you might think, this gets real annoying after five minutes. The themes are even divided into genres, like "Stuck On Sitcoms," "Stuck On Super Heroes," etc., ad nauseum. The low point: *The Untouchables*, which even to four cuts! The cover is cool: a typical American family attached to a TV with literally gallons of David Cronenberg-type gooey power seeping. Swell! Oh yeah, found this gem in Zulu's used section, check it out next time you're there!
Cheezability rating: 80

Study and Concentration With Revere — Revere

You are getting sleepy, very sleepy indeed. You will pass out all your courses. You will become a captain of industry. Never mind the economy. You will have plenty of jobs waiting for you when you graduate. Send Revere all of your money. While you're at it, bid Mofo a five for his *Psychonic Plamper Volume One*. You crave it. You must have it. You won't remember any of this when I clap my hands. Clap!
Cheezability rating: 99 (It is a wonderful record. We all must own it.)

Capitol Programming Aids — Various Artists (guss?)

A filthy collection from the folks at Capitol. Notables include Andy Griffith, Nat King Cole, Nancy Wilson, The Beach Boys, and a bunch of others I haven't heard of, knocking off anniversary, birthday and other greetings to give radio listeners the illusion that these celebrities gave the slightest fuck about their piddly little radio station. Many yuks can be had listening to jazz great Nancy Wilson or the Beach Boys give generic holiday wishes like "I'm so-and-so, and I hope all of you and your household, whichever one it is," or something like that. I sent Bill Clinton a tape of Andy Griffith congratulating him on the power increase.
Cheezability rating: 95

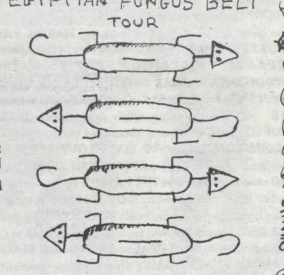
The Psychosonic Pick O' The Month!!!!!!!!!!!!

All Because of You — Lisa Wheelchel (Sparrow)

Another *Case of Life* whelp gets to make an album! Remember a few months ago I mentioned Kim Fields' 12 inch? Now I discover that Lisa Wheelchel, who played spoiled brat Blair, has an LP out! This LP, however, I must warn you, is a stab at the dreaded Christian Contemporary music subculture. Lisa can't love, what with God on her side, right? Wrong. Big time wrong. This LP is nothing but Cynidi Lauper-style teen girl pop with such songs as "Good Girl," "Love Believer," "The Sings Me To Sleep," "Just Obey" and similar drivel. There are far too many string synths on this and Wheelchel's cutesy-pie delivery makes you cringe. Heavy warning to diabetics!!!!
Cheezability rating: 100

In closing, I want to mention that Kathy Lee Gifford, morning show queen, has an album out. I regret never? Could this be the first in a wave of neo-christian? Only time will tell. Right now, I guess leave you now to go watch my Jennie Garth workout tape!

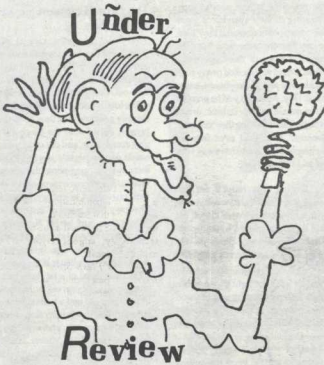
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VARIOUS ARTISTS
Hum Buzz Thing
 (Fir Street)

19 bands, wow! There's no way I'm going to subjugate you to all of my irrelevant opinion on each of 'em, but there's always the notables: SNFU, Dog Bat Dog, Grandma Moses, Chris Houston's Evil Twin, Hemp & Dose Pump. I realize this is all horribly subjective 'cuz one day I'll name off another list, but this is just seems to represent the best of their respective genres.
 Trip

FASTBACKS
Zucker
 (Sub-Pop)

More breathy garage pop-punk from the Fastbacks!! *Zucker* has a mix full of seamless tunes increasing their streak of great albums by one. Most of the songs are the typical catchy, noisy, instantly memorable trash these folks are famous for. I always thought the Fastbacks sounded like Jolie & the Pussycats would have if they discovered punk rock (with a slight nodding of Phil Spector to boot), and *Zucker* convinces me of

that even there can never be enough songs like "Bill Challenger," "Kind of Game," "Hung On a Bad Pig," or any of the other tunes on *Zucker*, but don't expect to have time to go to a sandwich between songs, bub. Because all of the songs come at you BANG, BANG, BANG, with no time to even blink, and I like that in an album.
 Mofo

HEAVENLY
The Jardin de Heavenly
 (K Records)

Fans of Beat Happening, Vaselines and the Pook Sticks will truly love this British dish of delicacy from above. Female-sung, sugar-sweet, boppy pop-implosion stuff that is sure to have even the most sty-birds of the wall flower gang dancing and a-shakin' all over creation. The sure-fire "hit" of the feast will most likely turn out to be "C is the Heavenly Option" with backing vocals provided by "guest star" Calvin Johnson of Beat Happening (who has, quite possibly, the most enigmatic and recognizable voice in rock and roll today). And this star quality only adds to the rest of the soft-tough splendor of this heaven-like record. A fine release by Heavenly, by God!
 Grant Lawrence

KYUUS
Blues for the Red Sun
 (Dail/Elektra)

Upon informing several of my acquaintances of my task to review this album, I was immediately bombarded with negative opinions. In spite of the depressing outlook

their words caused, my ears managed to remain quite objective. So much so that I find myself liking the album. Sure, on my first few listens I thought it was pretty hokey, heavy, Metallica-esque stuff, but now my only complaint is that it lacks originality. In other words I wasn't blown away, or calling everyone I know telling them to buy it, or even breathing remotely heavy. However, with the amount of music out there, experiences like that rarely happen. Some of the songs excite me even less than day old avocado skins but remain as like one big, raw, funky, psychedelic, pulsating jam session. When listened to in full the tape meshes together seamlessly and almost hypnotically, yet an unheeded, live feel is still very strong. There are several pure instruments that are the most appealing items which remind me mainly of T. The singer even grunts through a megaphone! What more could any trendy chueh fan hope for?
 Emma Laufner

SHINJUKU THIEF
Bloody Tourist
 (Extreme)

Gothic, electric, techno ambience at its most mind-boggling! This is extremely cool as it harkens the images of a nighttime jaunt through Tokyo's red light district in the year 2019. Yes, it's that eclectic. I would have to say that Extreme, that Australian record company has put out another cerebrally-infestious, uh...thing in the same great style as Mustangtaze and Paul Schutze, two

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There's a definite Japanese flair to this, the odd thing, though, is that the band consists of two guys named Tetaz and Verhagen...not quite children of the Land of the Rising Sun. There's also East Zulfan, Hebrew and African bits which create quite a nice sound when blended together into this audiotronic masterpiece.

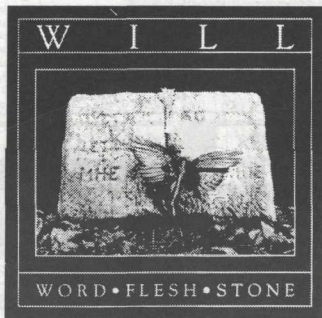
Tracks like "Konachi Ruins," "Burden of Drums" and several other vacuous titles give you the listener a feeling of intransigence. So just sit back and listen while thinking about how liberation from suffering can be gained through enlightenment. We're all just atomic particles and psychic, unreducible aggregates, so let the unreality of this sonic phenomena lead you to a larger sense of nirvana.

Trip

BIM SHERMAN & DUB SYNDICATE Reality (Century 1700)

This disc represents both pleasure and pain to the listener. Pleasure, from the smooth haunting vocals of Sherman paired with the driving Dub Syndicate groove; pain, as the listener confronts the horrendous drum-machine dominating the last few cuts of Reality.

Bim Sherman, a reggae vocalist of the soulful, laterday



Marvin Gaye style, is no stranger to ON-U house-band, Dub Syndicate, having recorded excellent material together in the past. Together they've been known to bring out the best in each other, and on this recording they also share some memorable moments. However, all is not as it should be. We're talking Subtle here, with a capital S. Perhaps it's the absence of Dub Syndicate's main mixologist, Adrian Sherwood, that's at the root of things, who's to say, but with such illuminaries as Mad Professor and Crucial Tony at

the controls one would expect more. This effort lacks fire overall. Reality sounds like a demo that, after being unsuccessfully shopped around, comes out on an obscure label to the detriment of artist and consumer alike.

You've got to be a dedicated fan to purchase this disc. Reality is not indicative of the capabilities and talents of either Bim Sherman or Dub Syndicate, and that's reality. Too bad!!

Norm van Rassel

WILL

Word Flesh Stone

(Third Mind/Read Runner)

This disc is the second chapter from this Vancouver trio. Picking up where 1991's *Pearl of Great Price* left off, Rhys Fulber, John McRae, and Chris Peterson have put together a powerful combination of aural aggression that reaches deep inside the machine to reveal a mixture of technology, angelic cries, and exploding vocals.

Word Flesh Stone includes reworks of past material, such as an excellent version of "Furnace of Souls," renamed "Furnace Rekindled," and a seemingly over-produced "Father Forgive," which I felt didn't do the original justice. But, by far, the superior tracks on this album are the crashing sounds of "All Victorious" and their best effort to date, "Souls of The Valiant." This is a beat-driven instrumental that could convert even the most skeptical.

Don't be fooled, William's just another techno spin-off band. This project has a unique sound all of its own—Word Flesh Stone is a must for those who mingle where angels fear to tread.

Bug Edna

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE (Epic/Sony)

Just one look at the flaming Bud-

dhist monk on the cover and you know this ain't gonna be soft. Rage Against the Machine is one angry band, kenne tell you! This New York (I think) band has come up



with an album that combines metal, jazz, a smidge of hip-hop, and the same type of uncategorizable music that Nomansmo and others are famous for. Singer/lyricist Zach de la Rocha pumps out the venom with fervor as the music chugs—obviously of the Rollins school of poets/singers—but his voice sounds more like that of Rufo Boy from Urban Dance Squad. The music is reminiscent of Saccharine Trust (now Universal Congress Of...) more than anything, and the neat effects on this album are all created without samplers or synths, which is really cool. The subject matter is solely concerned with anger and rebellion so don't expect any love ballads. This album is not something you can play often, but when you do, it's tough

not to listen to it all the way through. Mof

JAH CHILDREN Inspiration Giver (Reggaemantic)

Jah Children came to town in the fall of '92, played a few gigs, and left numerous copies of their cassette at some of Vancouver's specialty record stores. For those of us who like our reggae roasty, with strong vocals and harmonies, and powerful riddims, *Inspiration Giver* is worth checking out.

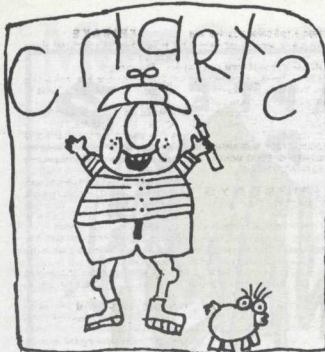
The unpretentiousness found on this release is a welcome return to basics in an idiom fragmented by dancehall and ragamuffin styles which have alienated many a reggae fan in recent years. Jah Children are not steeped in the past though. One cut, "Reggae Rock," with its sampled beats, is as up to date as anything else coming off of turntables today. With positive, non-sextist lyrics, singer Judah sings praise to Jah Rastafari Selassie I rather than rave on about his jock size. All the while you can't help groove to the beat of Jah Children's forthright musicianship.

If this release has a fault it would have to be its brevity. This however is relative as *Inspiration Giver* includes dub-versions of all 5 tunes, clocking in at just over 40 minutes. Give this one a listen.

Norm van Rassel

Page 27 EVEN

the time you finish this mag it'll almost be time for the next issue.



FEBRUARY 93 LONG GROOVES 50

1 WEEN	PURE GUAVA	ELEKTRA
2 NIRVANA	INSECTICIDE	DGC
3 L7	LOSE YOUR DIGNITY	SLASH
4 ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT	CIRCA NOW	CARGO
5 COFFIN BREAK	THIRTIEN	EPITAPH
6 RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE	RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE	EPIC
7 SUPERCHUNK	SUPERCHUNK	MERGE
8 PIRFACE	FOOK	INVISIBLE
9 LUMACHICKS	SINGE AND PURGE	SAFE HOUSE
10 SHINUKU THEIF	BLOODY TOURIST	EXTRA
11 BRIAN ENO	SHUTOUT ASSEMBLY	OPAL
12 SLOAN	SMEARED	DGC
13 CODEINE	BARELY REAL	SUB POP
14 JAWBREAKER	BYVOAC	TUPELO
15 KING MISSILE	HAPPY 14 1/2	ATLANTIC
16 DJDITS	LITTLE MISS CARRAGE	TOUCH & GO
17 THE COCKTAILS	THE EARLY HI BALL YEARS	CARROT TOP
18 FLOWERHEAD	KABLOOM!	ZOO
19 THE GLORIES	AURORA EP	AURORA
20 GWAR	HELLO	METAL BLADE
21 SEBADOH	SMASH YOUR HEAD...	SUB POP
22 SEVERIN	ACID TO ASHES...	DISCORD
23 SMUGGLERS	ATLANTA WHISKEY FLATS	POPLAMA
24 WOOL	BRUWHANN	EXTERNAL
25 SKATENES	STUPID PEOPLE SHOULDN'T...	MEGAFORCE
26 ICE CUBE	THE PREDATOR	PRIORITY
27 GRIMACE	QUAGMIRE	BONG
28 THE BANS IN TONYARD	LIVE AT THE ACADEMY	REPRISE
29 THE BRAND NEW HEAVIES	HEAVY RHYTHM...	DELICIOUS VINYL
30 GBN	CHURCH OF THE TRULY WARRID	FUTURE
31 JACOB'S MOUSE	NO FISH SHOP PARKING	FRONTIER

32 SUNDAYS, THE	BLIND	DGC
33 BAND OF SUSANS	NOW	RESTLESS
34 WILLE O	I'M GOIN' OUT...	RAP-A-LOT
35 GREEN JELLO	SUXX	BMG
36 VARIOUS ARTISTS. COMP.	MANHATTAN ON THE ROCKS...	POW WOW
37 PAUL SCHUTZ	NEW MAPS OF HELL	EXTREME
38 THE LAWN	DEBUSSETY FIELDS	HYPONOTIC
39 COOKA TEA	KINGSTON HOT	RAS
40 TSUNAMI	DEEP END	CARGO
41 FAT TUESDAY	CALIFUNERAL	COLUMBIA
42 HEAVENS TO MURGATROID	HEAVENS TO MURGATROID	PROSPECT
43 MO BOMA	JRUMAGE	EXTREME
44 FRONT 242	JUST LIKE JANE	EPIC
45 RADIOBILLE	CRACKERBASH	MERCY
46 CRACKERBASH	CRACKERBASH	EMPTY
47 THE DARLING BUDS	EROTICA	CHAOS
48 DEAD BEAT BACK BONE	SNAPPERHEAD	DEAD BONE BACK BEAT
49 MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO	SATYRICON	PLAY IT AGAIN SAM
50 PLANET X	SOLARIS	ANTI MATTER MUSIC

FEBRUARY 93 SHORTIE GROOVES 35

1 EVAPORATORS	"WELCOME TO MY CASTLE" 7"	NARROWAR
2 SPARKMARKER	3 SONG 7"	FINAL FRONTIER
3 BUM	DEBBIESPEAK	LANCE
4 HANSON BROTHERS, THE	"GROSS MISCONDUCT" / ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES	SUB POP
5 MUFTS, THE	"I NEED YOU..." 7"	SUB POP
6 CHEATER SLICKS	"BA FORD '79..." 7"	ESTRUS
7 BROOD, THE	"I'LL COME AGAIN..." 7"	ESTRUS
8 CRACKERBASH	"HELL CITY, HELL Y" / "DEAD HOMEZ" 7"	SUB POP
10 VARIOUS ARTISTS	"NOV. 1" / "HALLOWEEN" 7"	SUB POP
11 CUB	NORSTON COMPIRATION 7"	FACE THE MUSIC
12 WOOL	PEP	MINT
13 FUCKERS, THE	"S.O.S." / "RUN-HIDE" 7"	BONG
14 RED AUNTS	3 SONG 7"	SUB POP
15 GLOD GIRLS	"BIG CANS" / "THE VIBRATOR SONG" 7"	HELL YEAY
16 STUMP HEADZ, THE	"GO BLONDIE" / "BARBE U'S A" 7"	DONKUS
17 UNCLE TUPELO	"I KNOW YOUR NAME" 7"	POND
18 AGENT ORANGE	3 SONG 7"	DUTCH EAST INDIA
19 ERIC'S TRIP	"THE ELECTRIC STORM" / "SKINNY DIP" 7"	AGENT ORANGE
20 TAR	"RELONG" / "RED HAIRED GIRL" 7"	NIM
21 POND	"TEETERING" / "THE IN CROWD" 7"	TOUCH & GO
22 SMASHING PUMPKINS	"WHEEL" / "CONDERS" 7"	SUB POP
23 SHITBROS, THE	"I AM ONE" 12"	HUT
24 ATOMIC 61	3 SONG 7"	POPLAMA
25 JALE	"WHITE LAMAY" / "BLUE LAMAY" 7"	SHYRUP
26 FASTBACKS	"LIED" / "TWISTED" / "SWEETNESS" 7"	CHAWN
27 WIMP FACTOR 14	THEY DON'T CARE 7"	POPLAMA
28 SQUIRT	"BOTH" / "BOG" / "ELVIS" 7"	HARRET RECORDS
29 GOD IS MY CO. PILOT	"EVIL KNEVEL" / "BE LIKE A WOMAN" 7"	RED ROCKET
30 THE HEADCOATS	"IF I WERE THERESA" / "WHAT NATURAL" 7"	AJAX
31 THE PUTTERS	LOUIS RIEL 7"	NARDUR
32 STEEL WOOL	3 SONG EP 7"	EMPTY
33 SQUIRT / ECCENTRIC SOULS	"BROOM SAUCE" / "DOG THAT BITES" 7"	EMPTY
34 ORIL TROUBLE	"YOUNG MAN BLUES" 7"	RED ROCKET
35 PEARL JAM	"WORK THAT CROWD" / "GRANNY'S PAD" 7"	EMPTY
	WHO KILLED RUDOLPH? 7"	ENC

FEBRUARY 93 SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTYCLOTHES

1 MEET DAISSY	"LITTLE ZEBRAS"
2 STRON	"BEHIND THE WALL"
3 HUEVOS RANCHEROS	"REFUEL"
4 YOUTH IN ASIA	"BUNJEE JUMP SONG"
5 WICKED SWIMMING DOG	"IRON"
6 ZOLTY CRACKER	"YOU DON'T OWE ME"
7 SHE	"SHE SAID"
8 JHO NEK BPHONE	"I HURT MY BRAIN"
9 AGING YOUTH GANG	"BABY BOOMERS"
10 PEANUT GALLERY	"IF"
11 GOAT BOY	"FUCKING DAY"
12 HONEY	"PILLOW KNIVES"
13 BIG GULP	"CLICHE MAN"
14 THE HAYMAKERS	"CHURCH ACROSS THE ROAD"
15 RUMPELSTEELSKIN	"PLANET CLAIRE"
16 CAUSTIC THOUGHT	"RANT"
17 MOVIELAND	"GRANDFATHER CLOCK"
18 CONTEMPT	"UNCARVED STONE"
19 STRANGE DAYS	"TURNSTILES"
20 BLASE PASCAL	"DRINK DEAD"
21 SEX WITH NIXON	"HI"
22 CHROME DOG	"DIVIC"
23 WEDDO	"LITTLE GAMES"
24 THE GREYS	"7 BEFORE 7 AFTER"
25 SINUS EYE	"SAVE THE WIVES"
26 SURFDUSTERS	"TRENDY HIPPES"
27 THUMBSCREW	"I WAS SAID"
28 VINAGRETTES	"IN MY WAY"
29 THE LEMONS	"THE GRINCH LIVES"
30 SHE STOLE MY BEER	"DEEP IN THE PARK"
31 HOWARD VS. WILLY	"BASKET OF PEARS"
32 TERROR OF TINY TOWN	"THE DREAM"
33 THE ROAD	"KING OF 79"
34 SWEET WATER	"WIDE LOAD"
35 ONE	

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4 WALL OF VOODOO	CALL ON THE WEST	I.R.S.(US)
5 RANK & FILE	SUNDOWN	SLASH (US)
6 STIFF LITTLE FINGERS	NOW THEN...	CHRYSALIS(US)
7 IGGY POP	ZOMBIE BIRDHOUSE	CAPITOL
8 THE GUN CLUB	MIAMI	CAPITOL
9 THE JAM	DID THE NEW BREED	POLYGRAM
10 GRACE JONES	LIVING THE LIFE	WEA

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Bettie Serveet ● Palomine

The great thing about this record is what it doesn't try to be. It doesn't try to be the loudest, the wierdest, the fastest, or the hippest indie rock record on the planet. Palomine is all about great songs and tasteful playing. This in itself makes it extraordinary in the world of post-Nirvana meltdown. (Plus the lead singer Carol grew up here in Vancouver.)



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Come ● Eleven: Eleven

Although the appeal of this album is immediate, its overall effect is lasting. This is blues for the nineties. Try to imagine the riffage of vintage Rolling Stones, with the rhythmic sensibilities of Fugazi or Helmet, topped off with expressive vocals a la Patti Smith, or Broken English-era Marianne Faithfull. Soul music for an angry generation.



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Thinking Fellers Union Local 282 ● The Mother Of All Saints

Although compared to early Sonic Youth and Butthole Surfers their experimental approach to rock music, TFUL282 are quite different in the sense that they refused to settle into one, dare we say it, "generic" sound. This album contains such a variety of sounds, textures, and rhythms that it will always challenge (if you're willing to let it).



8.98cd ep

Pavement ● Watery Domestic

Sometimes it seems that all the cool things about Pavement have already been written. The title of this EP refers to American beer and there is a song about Linden, Alberta on it, so forget the Velvet Underground, "Waiting For The Man" comparisons — this is the essence of Pavement. Four songs of slacker-beat at it's finest.

AND YET MORE COOL STUFF:

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Cell

● Slo-Blo

This is the band that has been heavily hyped by the NME and Melody Maker as the future of rock'n'roll. They are Thurston Moore's latest signing to his Ecstatic Peace label. It's going to be at least three months until the next Buffalo Tom record, so if you have a hankering for some action...

Shonen Knife

● Let's Knife

Sometimes it seems everything really sucks in February, it's cold and gray, the Canucks go into their traditional mid season slump, no good shows. Well, to use a time-worn cliché, this is the album to shake you out of your depression. From Japan with love, pop songs filled with innocence, joy, and capital-f fun.

Intermix

● Phase Two

This is yet another side project from the prolific minds of Frontline Assembly's Bill Leeb & Rhys Fulber. Like last year's self-titled release, this is more dance-oriented than the ambience of Delerium or the agro of FLA. No matter which side of the electronic music spectrum you're on, any release from these guys is worth lending an ear to.

Stereo MCs

● Connected

This is the third release from the Stereo MCs, a follow up to the recent Supernatural album, and one of the most popular albums on UK import from the last couple of months because of heavy club play from the singles "Step It Up" and "Connected". The album is now finally available in North America. Snap it up!



ZULU NUS:

"Where there's rage, there's hope"

Lung

● Magnum Opate

Magnum Opate is the debut full-length CD on Zulu Records from Vancouver's Lung. Clear the wax out of your ears and listen to these comments:

"Pretty amazing shit here... great in a demented way," maximum rock'n'roll

"They like to wreck stuff," snipehead

"Lung are a seething vat of guitar meltdown, severe enough that bands like Helmet and Sonic Youth should develop a dandy crick in their neck from looking over their shoulders," vancouver sun

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